

THE
NASSAU
Literary
MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

ἐνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS,
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

Table of Contents.

1.	THE IDEAL IN ART.—Prize Essay by HENRY J. VANDYKE, Jr., '73,	149
2.	CONCERNING CONVERSATION.	157
3.	FORGETTING.—Poetry,	161
4.	COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETIES,	162
5.	THE COMPETITION, THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS,	168
6.	THE POWER (?) OF SECRET SOCIETIES,	170
7.	COMMENCEMENT AND REFORM,	174
8.	WANTED,	180
9.	A NEEDED REFORM,	182
10.	THE EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE FELLOWSHIP,	186
11.	THE FUTURE RECONCILIATION.	189
12.	A FLORILEGIUM, PIPE AND PEN SKETCHES.	200
13.	DUMPS,	204
14.	DRAMATIC NOTES,	207
15.	OLLA-PODRIDA,	200

THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

EDITORS :

RICHMOND PEARSON, N. C., L. RICHMOND SMITH, ALA.

TREASURER :

W. S. BELVILLE, N. J.

Vol. XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1872

No. 3.

THE IDEAL IN ART.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR., OF N. Y., '73.

For the perfection of Art there are required two qualities in the mind of the Artist. First there must be that subtle apprehension and appreciation of true beauty, whether visibly expressed in the physical world or existing in the higher realm of spirit, which enables him at once to recognise its presence. But higher still, and therefore rarer, there must be that grand creative power, Genius. The man of Taste sees and loves beauty, and is content. His nature is like some flowerless, odorless plant which drinks in the warm sunshine and gentle showers, but puts forth no fragrant blossom, bears no luscious fruit. It is purely receptive. But the man of Genius, filled with glowing images and sentiments, beholding all that is beautiful in Nature and the works of other men, burns with the desire to *create*. His ready hand catches the inspiration of his soul, and fixes it forever in a work of Art.

Art is symbolical. As moral beauty underlies and shines through all forms of material loveliness and grace, filling

them with a pure, ethereal glory; so, that Art is highest, noblest which expresses human thought and sentiment. The Beautiful in the world around us is mystical, inscrutable. It speaks to us in an unknown tongue, awaking in the heart vague echoes and mysterious longings. The voice of Ocean, the sublime influence of mountain scenery, the glory of the stars fill us with feelings which we vainly try to analyse, or express in human language. They change, and vanish like cloud-shadows. Nature hides her meaning behind an Isis veil. The mission of Art is to shadow forth more clearly

"all the unshaped, half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds."

It is not detracting from the glory and power of natural beauty to say that it needs the aid of Art to produce its highest effect upon the soul of man. Alone, its influence is misty and unreal. The sunset sea in its golden flow is glorious, but when a ship glides like a white-winged dove over the glittering flood, the scene gains a new and higher beauty. The Egyptian desert owes its sublime grandeur of desolation to the Pyramids, which stand in the waste of sand and sky, the monuments of a departed race. The poetry which lingers around the fallen Queen of the Adriatic comes not from the sea and the canals; not from

"The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose;"

but from her palaces and prisons, her churches whose architecture breathes the spirit of worship, and the black gondolas which glide along her silent streets. The adventurous tourist through the Adirondac Wilderness, as he follows the narrow trail which leads over Mt. Marcy and through the grand scenery of the Indian Pass, comes suddenly from the dark shade of the forest into an open grassy spot, on the border of a still, clear lake locked in on every side by sombre woods. He sees before him a plain stone column, erected by filial affection to the memory of a father who

lost his life, alone in that lonely spot. Nothing in all that region of sublime and varied beauty so touches and elevates the heart as the sight of this simple memorial stone.

Poetry, that art of arts, does not fulfill its highest province when it is confined to the description of pure Nature. Wordsworth cramped the power of his genius, and often fell into the most trifling and ludicrous puerilities, by a servile adherence to his theory of naturalism. "Nature, exactly, simply, barely nature will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet—the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence." So said that brilliant genius, the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*, whom a recent German critic calls "the greatest lyric poet in the English tongue." Tennyson charms us by his mingling of artistic beauty with the delicate and true interpretation of natural beauty. Shakspeare owes his glory as the greatest of poets to that broad comprehension and expression of humanity which is the chief element of his genius. Says the greatest psychologist of our country, President McCosh, "The noblest field of Poetry is the thoughts and passions of the human mind."

Art is eclectic. Its province is not the mere imitation of Nature: neither can it work without the aid of natural beauties. Those monkish painters of Italy who idealized their Saints and Madonnas into drapery and eyes, mistook bodily attenuation for spiritual beauty. The remark of Socrates to Cleiton the sculptor, that "it is necessary to represent in the Form the workings of the Soul" was a fundamental canon of criticism. True Art selects the scattered beauties of Nature and combines them into a harmonious and expressive whole. In landscape painting, which would seem to be the most imitative of arts, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature as she exists does not furnish him with such scenes as he

requires. When he presents some famous city, or a celebrated view from some mountain, or a picture of the sea, it must be taken from some particular point of view, the foreground must be composed, and such a light must be thrown over the whole scene as shall heighten its beauties, and shadow its deformities. In portrait painting the artist strives to catch not so much the actual face, as the expression—the man himself as revealed in the light of the eye, and the delicate speaking curves of the mouth. Not one face in a hundred does he paint exactly as it is; in almost all his subjects he is obliged to shade much and give more. His highest art is to catch and fix on canvas

“The mind, the music breathing from the face.”

Above all, then, Art is Ideal; working “with Nature in her visible forms,” but from a model which exists only in the artist-mind,—which has no fulfillment in the Creation, but which ever tends toward the absolute perfection of the Infinite Creator.

Looking at Art thus, as symbolical, eclectic, Ideal, we see clearly from its nature and history that its highest flights are taken toward God, and in his worship. Religion is the inspiration of the truest artist. Greek architecture sprang from the Greek religion by a natural and spontaneous growth. The belief in the bodily presence of the Gods upon earth, made their worshippers desire to rear a fit and glorious abode for Deity. The raising of those exquisite Temples of ancient Greece was an act of supremest worship. Italian painting had its rise in the same principle. The heavenly beauty of the Madonnas, and saints, the Crucifixion, the Ascension and the Last Supper, which that period of art produced, is due to the spirit of adoration and reverent love with which its great artists worked. Gothic architecture, which is perhaps the noblest product of man's æsthetic nature, is pre-eminently full of religious symbolism and

worship. Like the forest trees from which its form is taken it springs lightly upward, pointing with airy arch and spire ever toward Heaven. Its three-fold pillars, and windows set forth the mystery of Three in One. The cross, emblem of the atonement, stands out in all its forms and ornaments. The whole influence of its symmetry and grace is one of reverential awe and worship.

But there is another great period or phase of Art, which, equal in brilliancy to the three already mentioned, sets forth so thoroughly and clearly those fundamental principles of which we have spoken, that a brief discussion of it will form an appropriate conclusion of this essay.

Modern sculptors in vain try to catch that spirit of life and beauty which animates the Greek statues. For centuries they have held their place as the master-pieces of the world. But what gives them this pre-eminence? What are the elements of their subtle glory, so evident and yet so unattainable? What are the causes of the excellence of Grecian sculpture? The philosophers of the Realistic school answer that the Greek artists excelled through their ardent and incessant study of the human form. A people of great natural beauty and grace; developed by a life in the open air, and the constant use of athletic exercises, they certainly possessed models more perfect and more constantly before them than the sculptors of any other race. But this, in itself, is not enough. The study of models, however enthusiastic and constant, can never make a great sculptor. The French artists studied with the greatest care and assiduity in the wrestling-pits and fencing-schools of Paris, and yet their sculpture does not approach that of the Greeks. The rise of "Muscular Christianity" in England and America has produced among our best educated young men a magnificent development of physical beauty and strength. What impulse has it given to the sculptor's art? Beside natural beauty, and taste to

discern and power to reproduce it, there is something higher necessary to the attainment of true Art. There must be within the mind of the artist an *ideal*, a type of beauty far above anything in the natural world. With his soul fixed upon this *εἶδος* and glowing with its inspiration, he uses the forms of Nature as the material from which to chisel the image of his Thought. The study of human models is necessary to acquire the means and power of expression. But the study of the Ideal is the secret of excellence; and as it is pure, beautiful, sublime, so is the result a true work of Art.

The great critics of antiquity clearly thought thus. Says Plato in the *Timæus*: "The artist who with eye fixed upon the Immutable Being, and using such a model reproduces its idea and excellence, cannot fail to produce a whole whose beauty is complete: whilst he who fixes his eye upon what is transitory, with this perishable model will make nothing beautiful." Cicero, in his treatise *De Oratore*, says: "Phidias, that great artist, when he made the form of Jupiter or Minerva, did not contemplate a model whose resemblance he might express; but in his own soul dwelt a glorious type of beauty, upon which he fixed his look, and to the imaging of which he guided his hand and art." Phidias himself declared that his statue of the Olympian Zeus was modeled from those lines of Homer:

Ἡ καὶ κυανέχσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
 Ἀμφιρόσαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἀνακτος
 Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλεζεν Ὀλυμπιον.

We can discern the Ideality of Grecian sculpture from a brief investigation of some of its remains, as well as by the authority of the ancient critics. Analyzing the masterpieces of the Greek, what do we find as the chief element of their excellence? Surely not accurate imitation of the

human form, for this they do not possess or claim. The Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus di Mediceis, represent and body forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. A limb is taken from one model, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape from a fourth, to be so combined and improved as to heighten natural into heroic beauty. The secret of power lies deeper than the mere material form. It is the clear expression of sentiment, of idea, which places the Greek statues so high in the Temple of Art.

The figure of the Apollo Belvidere is slender almost to attenuation. It attracts and charms us not by physical development or beauty, but by its grand pose and expression. The whole attitude is one of lofty disdain. The ineffable calm of an immortal breathes from every limb. The high brow speaks intellect; the fine distended nostril, pride and courage; the delicately chiseled lips, firmness and self-trust; and the noble poise of the head proclaims the conscious god.

" No human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength with more than god-like grace;
All, all divine; no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows;
But animate with Deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone."

The English language does not contain a finer piece of description and interpretation of a work of Art, than Byron's Dying Gladiator. It translates the marble into words. As we see before us that noble image of resolute despair, that manly brow which "conquers agony," those eyes which look so far away toward his "Dacian home," that mouth firm-set and yet almost quivering,

" And thro' his side the last drops, ebbing slow ; "

—as this picture of a death so lonely, before the eyes of a merciless multitude, comes vividly before us, we feel pity changing into anger, and could almost join in that fierce cry for vengeance,

“ Arise ye Goths, and glut your ire.”

The Laocoon is the embodiment of physical agony. The soul of the artist was swallowed up, as is the beholder's now, with the terror and giant struggling exhibited in the strained muscles and contorted features of the victims. The group of “ Niobe and her dying children ” is a tearless sorrow cut in stone. Its beauty is the beauty of suffering, its power the power of grief. And so with all those immortal relics of Greek Sculpture which the destroyer Time, and the fury of barbarian man have still left in existence. Their glory is not that of mere physical, sensuous beauty; but the thought, the passion, the ideal which glows through the chiseled marble.

The origin of those grand ideals in which the Greek mind was so fertile is to be sought in the Genius of the race, the character of the land in which they lived, and their mythology.

A people naturally artistic and delicate, full of sentiment and passion, they were refined and elevated by living in the most glorious and beautiful country on earth. The proud and cultured Athenian standing on the purple slopes of Hymettus and looking down upon the white-gleaming city of Athena, the rocky coast, the shining Bay of Salamis, and the cliffs of the sea-girt island; or turning his gaze toward the open sea and the far-off Cyclades; hearing the dull roar of the surf blend with the murmur of the golden bees, and feeling the cool sea-breeze blow upon his cheek; remembering too the glorious memories which clustered round the scenes before him must have been filled with sublime, almost divine sentiments.

The Greek religion too tended to develop their artistic nature. Their Deity was a glorified Humanity. Naturally a share of the worship belonging to the god attached itself to the human form in which he was made manifest. And thus the Greek Sculptors, working with reverence and love, adoring the Immortal in the product of their art, attained to an excellence almost perfect, and left behind them monuments of glory, which shall last forever.

CONCERNING CONVERSATION.

I said to my friend Brown the other night, "Brown, you don't know how to talk." "Well," said he, "you've got a cheek." "Yes, Brown," I replied, "I am aware that I possess the portion of the human face usually called by that name; but your very answer shows you can't talk; you used slang; slang is an abomination; no gentleman or lady uses slang." "Too thin," said Brown, "everybody does; girls too—awfully." "Then," I rejoined, "that argues a state of society sadly and lamentably vicious." I lighted a cigar, stretched myself in an easy chair, and prepared to make a speech, as every true American does whenever he has the chance. Brown gave one long, lingering look at the door, saw there was no hope, and prepared to listen; his preparations were simple; they consisted merely in closing his eyes.

"Few people, my dear Brown," I began with as much insinuation as I could infuse into my voice, "few people know how to listen; still fewer know how to talk. There was a Douglas Jerrold, with wit enough for a score of or-

dinary mortals: there was a Macaulay, who could make himself charming even by 'brilliant flashes of silence'; there was a Coleridge, unrivalled in monologue, who used to fasten himself to the buttons of his friends—who escaped only by cutting off the buttons. But society possesses few Jerrolds, or Macaulays, or Coleridges; and even these wonderful men were monopolizers of talk rather than conversationalists. The knowledge of one appalled; the eloquence of a second confounded; the wit of a third dazzled his hearers. A good converser does not talk too much himself, or he becomes a Samuel Johnson, a mere bully of a talker, a bore rather than a blessing.

"The genial tyrant, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, maintains that conversation is a fine art. So it is. The master of it must be endowed with a certain genius. It demands a multitude of qualifications; knowledge of one's self; knowledge of others; familiarity with facts; tact in selecting and employing them; coolness, confidence and caution; humor combined with good sense; delicacy and refinement of feeling united with a certain dash and boldness. Can you, Brown, or can many of those you meet in the parlor or at the club boast these essentials to success in this difficult art?

"No; in modern society the most dreary platitudes pass current for profound reflections; the most vapid silliness is accepted for keen and penetrating wit. The gabble of the poultry yard is wisdom compared with the talk of a party of young people of the present. Undoubtedly the caws of a flock of respectable crows convey far more meaning than the mass of remarks which assail the ear in any drawing room. True, the intervals of waiting during the interminable figures of the German do not afford a very extended opportunity for an interchange of ideas; the gloomy parlors of a watering-place hotel are not suggestive of anything but crowded apartments, impudent waiters,

and enormous bills. But there are other times and other places, there are other subjects than dresses, gossip, and the last opera, in which the average feminine mind might be charitably supposed to take some, if but a feeble, interest. Life is not one continued promenade on the long piazzas of Saratoga, nor a prolonged saunter on the beach at Long Branch, nor a constant and insane Bostonian Dip in a fashionable ball room. The time will come—and to every one of us it *has* come—when this demon of necessity says ‘talk!’ We are unprepared to meet said demon. We lay at his feet measureless quantities of small talk; we offer up at his shrine countless common-places. For him we make walking barometers, thermometers, and health-bulletins of ourselves, and discuss the weather as if no other thing in life had any charm for us. Or we make our friends chronicles of current events and ask them ‘What’s the news?’ as if they were extra editions of the Evening Telegram. Or we deliberately invent and flounder through a maze of falsehoods—may we never be punished for half of them! Some philosopher tells us that no word we speak ever dies; that it floats out in the broad expanse of the infinite and mingles itself with the surrounding air, only to come back again in the great hereafter to smite the conscience of the wicked utterer. These immortal words make the heaven of the virtuous the torment of the sinner. Brown, what will be your future and mine, if this philosopher speak the truth?”

Here Brown woke up, and mistaking my eloquent period for a conundrum, muttered, “Give it up; ask me an easier one.” I scorned his base interruption and proceeded.

“If conversation is a fine art, my esteemed friend, it would seem well worth studying. It would be an excellent thing to have a professor of the art at some of our schools and colleges; perhaps we could turn our knowledge of it

to better advantage than we ever have our acquaintance with Moral Philosophy. The subject admits of lectures—to say nothing of experiments. There would, undoubtedly, be some difficulty in securing an efficient teacher; I am not sure but that it would be more troublesome to find scholars. Every one thinks he is master of two things—religion and politics; so every one thinks he can talk;—and so he can, just as every one can paint, so far as dipping the brush and daubing colors on canvas can be considered painting. Our intentions may be excellent, our conceptions noble; but we find some inconvenience in expressing them by means of mingled shades and a vexatious pencil which refuses to understand what is required of it. Ah, Brown! you and Bierstadt cannot either of you paint without *learning*.

“We spend some time in mastering the art of dancing; in that all-important branch of erudition we do not trust to the inspiration of the moment. We are at infinite pains to avoid stepping on the toes of others and coming into collision with our fellow waltzers and walkers. But in our conversation we appear to blunder again st people and trample on their tenderest corns without the slightest compunction. If we happen to be musicians, we are careful to strike no false notes; but we do so daily in our intercourse with the world. Words have been called the current coin of thought; and, although we take considerable credit to ourselves for honesty, we are constantly issuing the basest of counterfeit money.

“‘What are we going to do about it?’—was that your remark, Brown? There are some things we *ought* to do about it. First and foremost, we ought to cut the throat of Slang, that lingual monster; that muderer of the Queen’s English and the President’s American. It is a beast with as many mouths as Cerberus and as many tongues as Fame. Our young men who come to their homes from college—talk slang. Our young women who

are apt to come to *their* homes with these same young men—talk slang. It has its poets—Bret Harte and John Hay among the number, men who have proved themselves capable of better things. The press reeks with it. We hear it from the stamp—would it were the worst thing we hear from that quarter. We hear it in the parlor. We hear it even from the pulpit. And we cannot hope to hear pure English—English undefiled—until society sets the stamp of its disapprobation unmistakably upon this profanation of a priceless gift.

“Talk less; not so fast; before you begin, be sure you have something to say; say it at the right time; say it to the right persons; when you have said it, stop.”

Here Brown woke up again. “I think that last rule comes in first rate,” he remarked; “give us an example.”

I indignantly gave him an example forthwith.

J. L.

FORGETTING.

The following lines appeared some years ago in the *Nassau Lit.*: we think their peculiar beauty renders them worthy of reproduction.—Eds.

Dipping oars in the shining water,
Swimming on in the silent stream,
Floating beneath the bending branches,
I lose the weary world and dream.

Crowding the cities' stony streets,
Strong men are rushing: and all that meets
The watchful glance of a searching eye,
Is haste—and toil—and slavery.

Over his volume the scholar stoops,
Heeds not the laugh nor the gladsome groups
Of merry children ; his eyes are cast
Far back in the book of the cloudy past.
Oh scholar ! why torture the weary brain
With that which can never come back again !
The light of the present is ever dim,
And shines with no brightness or glare for him !
But he's ever turning his lingering gaze
To lose itself in a shifting haze.

The surf may rush from the dashing sea
But what is its musical moan to me ?
The waves may beat on the rocky coast
That bleakly frown on the billowy host :
They cannot frighten my dream away,
Or hasten the close of my golden day.
Though weak and sinking the weary yet
May rest if fainting they can forget :
'Tis all the happiness men can seize
From passing moments as swift time flees.

So I can sit, and gaze, and wonder
—Nearer each day to the boundless sea—
If the white clouds that glitter yonder
Hide the bright land where the blest shall be !

COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETIES.

III.

In our previous articles we have considered the subject as it related more particularly to the interests of those who were members of the fraternities. We cannot cut short our inquiries here. The influence of these organizations extends beyond the circle of the particular brotherhood to which we may belong. Their workings are more or less clearly manifested throughout the whole of college life.

Any organization, whatever its influence, will make that influence manifest in connection with the persons or things with which it comes in contact. So with these fraternities. Their members are constantly brought in contact with all classes of students. As might be expected their influence is manifested in college life in general, no matter in which of its various phases we view it.

The third question which we propound then is: Is the influence of college secret societies conducive to the best interests of students in general?

In propounding this question, it will readily be perceived, we must leave out of our consideration the interests of those who are members of the societies. We have considered the subject as it affected these in our previous articles. We have more particularly now to turn our attention to the interests of those who are not members of any secret organization in college. In viewing the subject in this light, it will be necessary for us to obtain some conception of what state of things is most conducive to the progress of students.

Our minds here naturally turn to their social life at the particular institution where they may be studying. It is well understood by those who lead lives of study how much the character of social life around influences the progress of literary investigation. Let the country in which we live be convulsed with warfare and the progress of literature and science is much retarded. Let the community be kept in a constant ferment of excitement from lawless outrages upon the rights of citizens, and we find it difficult to make progress in our studies. Let the home circle be constantly agitated by domestic broils, and the client's case at the bar, and clergyman's discourse in the pulpit show the influence of disquietude to the mind. There is, perhaps, nothing plainer than that *tranquility*, if not an

essential prerequisite, is of immense influence in assisting the progress of mental investigation.

Now students in college are preëminently men devoted to such investigations. More than any other class, who lead lives of study, are they relieved from the cares and turmoils of every-day life. As a general rule, they have no families. They are usually supplied with funds for their maintenance in college. They ordinarily pursue no other occupation whilst studying. Their minds are purposely relieved from care. The object is to secure tranquility in order that progress may be attained. Now, if anything is allowed to attach itself to the social life of the student in college, which is calculated to destroy this tranquility is it not manifest that he will be just so much retarded in his progress? This principle seems to be very clearly defined. But the question arises—wherein consists that tranquility in college life which is most conducive to the interests of the student? Is it not upon the same principles which secure tranquility in the family? Here the parents are respected in their authority whilst governing. The interest of all depends upon the submission of each one to parental authority. All must feel that they are upon a social equality. Each one must seek the best interests of the whole. These are some of the principles which secure domestic tranquility. Would not the carrying out of these principles in college social life secure tranquility there as well? If the faculties were respected in their authority whilst enforcing the prescribed laws of the college, would not many a disgraceful and exciting scene be left out of the history of college life? If each one submitted himself to the rightfully constituted authorities of the college, would not much of the excitement of expulsion which so often convulses the social life of students be avoided; and much of the chagrin of fathers and heart-achings of mothers find no place in the family circle at home? If all students felt that

they were upon a social equality in college, would not much of the persecution and oppression, which is so often witnessed and which is so discouraging, cease to exist? If each one felt it was his duty to seek the best interests of his Alma Mater at large, would not those rebellions which manifest themselves so often, and which are ruinous to the progress of education in any college or university, be blotted out forever? Manifestly, a conformity to such principles as these, which work well in the family, would produce a state of tranquility rarely witnessed in the colleges and universities of our land.

We ask if secret societies are not a very fruitful source of that disquietude to college social life, which is to be so much deplored? Do we not find these organizations foremost in the violation of those very principles which alone seem capable of securing tranquility? We venture the assertion, that in those colleges and universities where secret societies are tolerated, more disrespect is shown to the faculties by their members as a body, than by any equal number of non-secret society men taken indiscriminately from the mass of students. This point may be controverted, but our observations have so far substantiated it. We have no doubt but that the faculties of these colleges and universities would testify to the truth of the assertion. Instead of each one submitting himself to the rightfully constituted authorities of the college, is it not notorious that these societies often combine to defy that authority? Instead of a feeling of social equality, is it not well known that secret society men hold themselves aloof, as a general thing, from other students? They have their own cliques and clans. They assume a dictatorial attitude and accomplish their designs by the terrors of some secret penalty, it may be persecution or oppression. Instead of seeking the welfare of the institution where we may be studying, does not every good secret society man know he has more inter-

est in the prosperity and glory of his fraternity abroad? In these aspects, manifestly, secret organizations are fruitful sources of discord and disquietude in college life.

These points doubtless would quickly be controverted by every good society man. But those who are familiar with the internal workings of college social life, where these societies exist; know that these effects are actually and constantly produced. That the fraternities prey upon the rights and interests of students in general, and produce discord and detriment, is a fact easily discovered by even the casual observer of college life. Perhaps one of the most aggravating oppressions which they produce is the sham organizations by which the unwary and credulous are duped from time to time. The regular societies create curiosity on the part of those who are newly introduced to the mysteries of college life. Preying upon their ignorance of college tricks, and credulity in regard to novelties, the fraternities often get up mock organizations in which their victims are not only subjected to insult and degradation, but sometimes are shamefully abused. Not only is oppression thus indulged from motives of sport; but summary vengeance is often meted out to gratify the malice of some offended fraternity. This fact is too patent to require any comment.

The effect of these secret organizations is seen too, in the distribution of college preferments. If there is any honor to be conferred by the faculty, society men use all their influence to have the honor enjoyed by a member of some order, whether he be worthy or not. They may secure it honorably by throwing their energies in favor of a brother to enable him to appear to advantage in the particular contest; or dishonorably by assisting him to cheat the judges who preside over the contest. When there are more fraternities than one represented, these preferments are secured to the various orders in rotation as they have

combined together to secure them. Nor do they stop with the public advancements of the college, but more insidiously operate in the literary societies where all students alike have interests. It may not be pleasant news, but we would say to the members of literary societies in the various colleges and universities throughout our land, where secret societies exist to any great extent; they are powerless to secure their rights unless belonging to some secret order. These often combine to carry out whatever may be most beneficial to themselves. The *modus operandi* is aptly represented by the little German fable of "The cow, the goat, the sheep, and the lion," which went together to the hunt. They soon took a large stag as prey. "Then the lion dealt it out and said 'The first part I take since I am the lion; then the second part must be conceded to me because of my valor; the third must fall to me since I am stronger than you, and wo to him who would seize the fourth for himself.'"

They take the prey, whatever it may be, and deal it out to suit themselves. They readily find excuses for claiming three-fourths—and wo to him who would seize the other fourth for himself. No matter how well fitted a man may be for a position of honor in his literary society, he often can never attain to it unless by the permission or co-operation of the secret societies. Perhaps there are those who would dispute this assertion. We however make it because we know it to be true. The writer remembers the day well during his college course, when a leading member of another fraternity and himself, absolutely controlled the literary society to which he belonged. The way it was done was this: combining the members of the two fraternities, a majority could be secured in any vote. The leaders of the fraternities arranged before hand what course was to be pursued in the literary society. The fraternity men were marshalled for the occasion and the course carried out in the society. If any honor was to be secured it was given

to a chosen outsider, or to some selected fraternity man. Now the object was the best interests of the society in our estimation. But that same power might as readily have been used in stripping every non-secret society man of his rights, and in the destruction of the literary society.

In view of such facts as these then, we leave it to the judgment of every candid reader, whether the existence of college secret societies is conducive to the best interests of students in general. If they did not exist, would not much of the turmoil and confusion which is so often found among college students be lost to the annals of college life? If they did not exist, would not many of the detriments to progress have no place in the history of the student? These are questions to be considered by each one for himself.

NEMO.

THE COMPETITION.

One day as Faith, and Hope, and Love were met,
Before the morning dew was off the flowers,
They fell a-talking with a purpose set,
How they could best redeem the idle hours.

And which of them could please the Master best,
Or win a smile from that beloved face,
Was what they aimed at ere they took their rest,
So, making there a tryst, they left the place.

Grave Faith went straight to where the Schoolmen dwelt,
And when he heard their questions and their guile,
He took them all to task, so that he might
Put arguing down, and every specious wile.

And up the lanes sweet Hope with shining eyes
Went hurrying ; and when the people heard
That he was in the land, their happy cries
Gave thanks to God, that Hope was not deferred.

But Love—went where the poor and wretched weep,
And where the old had long forgot their joy ;
Where he could even gladden childhood's sleep,
By happy whispers of to-morrow's toy.

At last, he lighted on a stricken man,
With none to help him in his direst need,
And oh, what lavishment of Love began
To spend itself on him by word and deed !

And as he comforted the bruised heart,
And tenderly sustained the aching head ;
The sick one sweetly smiled—Love gave a start—
For lo, he found it was the Christ instead.

Then in the eventide Christ walked with Love,
To tell the three how much their deeds were worth ;
And streamlets at their feet, and birds above,
Took note of that sweet fellowship on earth.

Then on his children as they round Him pressed
Christ smiled, with glances of approval high,
But none, when wondering which of them was bless'd
With sweetest smile, could say "'Twas I," or "L."

Blessing, He left them, and they watched Him rise,
Brighter than evening Star, to God above ;
But, ere He passed beyond the hiding skies,
He bent, and gave a *second* smile—to Love.

THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

[This department of the *LIT.* is intended to represent the opinion of the Students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

THE POWER (?) OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

"Dreams," says a modern writer, "are the pleasantest parts of our lives; realities are too cold, too stern, too bare, too barren." This remark accounts happily for many phenomena in our little world within these old walls, and for none does it so happily account as the declaration, on the part of Secret Society men as regards the "power," "influence," and "intrinsic merit" of their respective organizations.

We would give the imagination its due place among the faculties of the mind, but when its creations fill the sphere of our little being to the exclusion of truth, when fancy runs riot and delusion holds the cup of life, we humbly protest that mankind should sit at the feet of such minds, "glean their scattered sapience," and accept as infallible the convictions that strange and unfortunate circumstances have worked into their being. We propose to show that, in this pompous assertion, they have given to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." We desire to fathom the depths of this "flattering unction to their souls." We expect to shew that this magic reality—this wonderful endowment of "power"—is a creation of an

"idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air."

Our remarks must be understood as applicable to the Secret Societies of this institution. We know the circumstances under which they exist and have seen their work-

ings for many years. Of other colleges knowing nothing we have nothing to affirm.

The power of all organizations, of whatever character, seems to us to be determined by three circumstances. (1.) The principle upon which they are founded. (2.) Their mission, i. e. that in which they are engaged. (3.) The character of the individual members.

To these sources must we look for the existence and the nature of the *power* of any institution. To these sources let us look for a solution of the point in question.

I. We say that no power, i. e. influence to command, to direct, to create, exists in an organization founded on the principle of *petty selfishness* of *personal* advancement, that rests upon a spirit that disregards the bond of universal brotherhood, that tends to crush out the natural, liberal feelings of the human heart, that cramps the exercise of man's free will, that forbids the expression of his opinion and makes him belie his better nature.

There is nothing broad or catholic in the principle upon which these societies are founded; nothing attracting the interest or inviting the sympathy of outsiders; there is no generous, liberal, noble sentiment underlying. Upon the corner-stone of *self* they build, and never looking without the bounds of their own existence, and revolving in the narrow, cramped orbit of *self*, they herald forth with towering conceit the enshrinement of "power" in their mighty persons.

II. Does the *mission* of these Societies sustain the declaration of their pride and haughtiness? Is the end in view the source of their "power?" Let us enquire into their mission.

Is it in the realm of intellect, is it

"To fashion the glowing metal of the mind,
To guide the blows of thought or die
Amid the din"?

Are they solving the questions of destiny; the social questions of the day; the questions that concern mankind? Are they imbued with a love for the race? Is sympathy with fellow man the incentive to their every effort? Let them answer from their haunts of revelry. Is it in a literary field that their imagination dwells? Are they seeking inspiration from the master spirits of all time? Do they linger in brotherly affection around the shrine of letters? Under the veil of secrecy are they quenching an immortal thirst? Is theirs a moral mission? Are they that

"glorious company, the flower of men
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time"?

Is their's that

"nobler errand reaching far beyond
This world, a work that, like the moonbeams, rests
One end on earth and one amid the stars"?

Is it in pursuit of the *good*—is it for the cultivation of their nobler, higher natures that they bind themselves in bonds of wondrous fellowship? Wrapped in the mantle of their virtue, in joyous conclave, let them answer from the festive board. What redeeming element is there then in their mission? Whence proceeds this marvelous power? Is it the social realm? They renounce intellect, renounce literature, renounce morality, and herald forth their wonderful endowment of influence, their possession of power. Their mission is the gratification of *self*, as the principle upon which they are founded is *self*. They find their mission in the social sphere, and from this life-giving source, this inexhaustible fountain, they draw the magic reality *power*—a deduction which indicates the presence of the blasting quality of overweening egotism, or a sadly illogical cast of mind.

III. Finally the *power* of these organizations depends upon the character of the individuals composing them. Under

this head we make but one remark which of itself determines the question to our minds. Our remark is broad, sweeping, painful to think of, but none the less true. We refer to the circumstances under which such organizations exist in our institution, we refer to a *broken pledge*, we refer to *principle* trampled upon, we refer to *honor* in the dust, we refer to *conscience* smothered, we refer to the unblushing shameless indifference at the dethronement of man's most sacred, ennobling and life giving part of his spiritual nature, his *moral sense*. And when this is gone a man can have no power, his whole influence is blighted. Men cannot rely implicitly upon his word, that sacred heritage, that he himself has debased. Suspicion will linger in such a presence, though hid in smiles and affability. In short the vital energy of his soul has been sapped.

" Mine Honor is my Life ; both grow in one ;
Take Honor from me, and my Life is done."

To the principle upon which the societies are founded, to their mission, and their character we have come seeking the source of *power*. The facts are before us, and we can have but one conclusion, whatever these societies have *power* is not theirs. There may be gifted individuals among them, there may be once noble natures on their rolls, there may be intellectual personages to give seeming dignity to the brotherhood, they may all be of noble countenances, of lofty mien, of great physical beauty, of wondrous powers of wit, they may all belong to illustrious families whose worthy founders they can trace to times remote, they may all move in first social circles, they may all be advertisements of fashionable tailors, they may all be Adonises, worshippers and worshipped of womankind—all these things may be, yet the *power* to mould, to fashion, to guide, to create, the *power* that appeals to man's nobler self and awakens his higher nature, the *power* that is the one progressive element in our modern civilization, the *power* in short that

would make them *men*, the noblest works of God, they have not.

COMMENCEMENT AND REFORM.

To every one interested in the prevalence of liberal education the utility and importance of College reforms are apparent. Their utility consists in setting aside the majesty of custom and inflexible tradition; their importance in introducing new measures, promoting the highest interests of every one concerned in their welfare, and is thus indicating an unmistakable progressive tendency.

In this *paper* we propose to discuss the evils of the old and the advantages of a new system respecting the conduct of the Commencement exercises of Princeton College.

The old system consists in honoring about thirty of the members of the graduating class with appointments, according to their rank. It is a well known fact that many of the ablest speakers and writers of every class fall below this point. It is also a well known fact that some of the brightest men of every class graduate nearer the *omega* than the *alpha* end. In explanation of these seemingly strange phenomena, we would briefly notice the uncertainty of grades. As a general rule these depend on the regularity rather than on the brilliancy of the student. It is astonishing to see what little things will deprive a man of his just class position. A few absences or disorder marks, a single recitation made on the well developed muscle of the mind, without previous study, a response of "not prepared" from an unlucky fellow called on unexpectedly, prejudice, par-

tiality, or failure to judge correctly on the part of an instructor, a praiseworthy desire to graduate with the glory of a Fellowship,—any one of these, will not unfrequently have the unhappy effect of sending a deserving man without the pale of the favored few.

This we affirm is an evil that ought to be remedied. It might and would be were the excellencies of these unfortunates acknowledged by the Faculty in suitable manner. As the case now stands many of the poorer speakers and writers represent the College on her gala day, while those by whose appearance she would be honored simply receive the academic parchment, the fruit of four years toil and the only honor she deems worthy to award them.

But, that the defects in the present system may be more fully demonstrated, let us inquire into its results. We have been informed by old Princetonians that the enthusiasm connected with Commencement has been declining for many years. We have been present in person at no less than three of these annual festivities, and we have remarked that the attendance at each successive occasion has been inferior in numbers and character to the one preceding. Class Day is now generally believed to be the most important and interesting College occasion. Persons come from far and near to witness these ceremonies, attend "the Promenade," listen to the music,—in short to see the Seniors actually, though not formally and finally, bid farewell to their Alma Mater. The Church is crowded, the seats in the Campus filled to overflowing, the Promenade brilliant,—on that day at least everything is "merry as a marriage bell." But the departure of Class Day is marked by the departure of visitors. An old *alumnus*, returning for the first time since graduation, to the scenes around which cluster the brightest memories of life, after witnessing Monday's proceedings, is impressed and gratified at the seeming growth and prosperity of his Alma Mater. He naturally looks for still more

enthusiasm on Tuesday, and on Wednesday expects to be an auditor of performances exhibiting a high order of merit. But how do the facts verify the expectations? Tuesday comes and he notices that on that day the efflux far exceeds the influx of those who are interested in the welfare of our College. Wednesday is here—Wednesday just six months ago. The College bell is ringing; the procession is just about to start. Our friend the *alumnus* holds a position (whether on account of age or distinction we are uncertain), near the head of that massive column, composed mainly of students and citizens. Accident has placed him beside one well versed in the Commencement exercises of the present day. They become engaged in conversation. As they approach the entrance of the Church his companion remarks "I'm just going in to hear when Rome was founded, and it won't take long I assure you." Surprised, yet failing to apprehend the meaning of the statement, he returns no answer, but enters—noticing the while that many who preceded him have at this point dropped out of the procession and are now loitering around the door. This, at first, strikes him strangely, but, soon forgetting it, he takes a seat and, while the band is playing, gazes around, inspecting the audience. The house is pretty well filled with a promiscuous assemblage. The vestibule and aisles contain a motley crowd, composed of young graduates, citizens, students, snobs and boys, who, not desiring to remain long, refuse to occupy the seats allotted them by men called marshals, whose actions would imply that they were in blissful ignorance as to the duties incumbent on persons holding such an office. The character of the supposed permanent spectators is next examined. They are mainly composed of people residing in the vicinity of the village of Princeton, people who attend Commencement as they would a County Fair,—with no higher purpose than seeing a great sight and having a good time. There are innumerable rustic swains and lasses,

there are a few city lovers and flirts, and there too are the beaux and belles of staid old Princeton. These have all come hither as an excuse for being together—not with the laudable intention of listening to the representatives of the graduating class. The exercises commence and during their continuance the apparent auditors keep up an incessant whispering. O! it seems as if they never did have so much to say. The voices of the speakers are scarcely audible above the din of conversation. Much less can any one, desirous of so doing, distinguish the words they utter. Now and then, however, an orator comes forth and succeeds in making an impression by producing silence. But, as a class, the speakers deport themselves as if it was the first time they ever spoke “in public on the stage,” and, while speaking, inwardly resolve that it shall be the last. And no wonder! As Rev. Newman Hall has said: “a minister should always *practice* extemporaneous preaching in his study, never in the pulpit.” Our old *alumnus* leaves this scene with his exalted ideas sadly changed and concludes, perhaps rashly, but certainly in accordance with the facts before him, that his revered College is about to send out into the world a class better fitted to be Freshmen than graduates. Is this conclusion just to the College, is it just to the Faculty, and above all is it just to the Class in question? Yet such an opinion has from year to year been gaining currency, and its result is manifested in our poorly attended and utterly unappreciated Commencements.

We believe that the true means of remedying this growing evil are within our reach. *Should one-half of the Commencement orators be appointed according to their rank, and the other according to their ability as speakers and writers we think that the desired effect would be accomplished.* In substantiating this opinion, it is proper to introduce one or two instances in which such a method has proved successful.

We have attended the Junior Orator exercises for several successive years. We have noticed that the interest connected with these, instead of being on the wane, is on the increase. We have never failed to find at this exhibition an orderly, attentive, and appreciative audience. And why? Because, and we think we reason rightly, we only listen to the ablest speakers and writers of each class. They are chosen to sustain the reputation of their respective classes in public, and in their hands that reputation remains untarnished.

It has been our privilege, and we esteem it such, to be present at a Yale Commencement. At this institution each class graduates with about a hundred and fifteen members. At least one half of these have their names printed on the Commencement programmes as *honormen*. From this number only twelve or thirteen are selected to represent the senior class in public. Only two of these are appointed on account of excellency in scholarship. The first honorman delivers the Valedictory; the second the Latin Salutatory. The remainder are chosen in proportion to their ability to entertain a cultivated audience. There we had the pleasure of hearing the DeForest gold medallist and the remaining four Townsend prizemen. Yale takes an honest pride in exhibiting on this occasion her choicest products, culled from an abundant fruitage. As a result old Centre Church is well filled with an audience worthy of the orators. Perfect order prevails. Wanting that familiar element called tediousness the speeches elicit the attention of the casual observer, impress the cultured mind, and call forth the admiration and applause of gratified friends.

We heartily sanction the old maxim "honor to whom honor is due," and we think that it sustains us in suggesting this reform. Does not he who stands among the first in his class as a speaker and writer, though his general average be in what the students call "the aristocracy," pos-

ness a more useful acquisition than he who, excelling in nothing, is passable in everything? To be plainer: let us suppose a man (and such cases have existed) is the first orator in his class: not being so well versed in other departments his general average is low as fortieth. This deprives him of the right of receiving any graduation honor; while another utterly unaccustomed to public speaking and distinguished in nothing, ranks as high as twentieth, which secures him an appointment. Should this be so? It seems to us that it is a far higher honor to be a distinguished speaker and writer than a mediocre student; for Rhetoric is the grand means by which culture and refinement are disseminated. Galileo and Bacon would never have awakened philosophy and science from the slumber of ages, would never have given poor, listless humanity an onward and upward impetus had they been unacquainted with the utility of the voice and the pen. The vast erudition of Macaulay would have stood for naught, the power wielded by him in Parliament would never have existed, and the English speaking people would not now possess his masterpieces of instruction and eloquence, had his power of expression in the study and in the legislative halls of his country been of a mediocre type. It is this power accompanied by well directed energy and a disinterested devotion to duty, that will insure success to an educated man.

We believe that the first ten or twelve of every class are *deservedly* honormen. We would not go so far as Yale by selecting only two to represent our scholarship in public. But it is also our firm conviction that our literary reputation is of no secondary importance. Should this be taken into consideration the students would be stimulated to increased effort in that direction; the old Commencement enthusiasm would revive; appreciative audiences would assemble on that occasion; the popular estimation of classes

would be just; and Princeton College would not only sustain her good name at home, but her dignity abroad.

In conclusion we would tell you, gentle reader, that these cursory remarks are simple facts, unadorned by fanciful illustration and visionary argument. They have been particularly suggested by the situation of the present Senior Class, in which, unless a new system is inaugurated, the evils here portrayed will be fully demonstrated.

WANTED.

It is a strange fact that although the phrase English Literature appears often in our catalogue, although there is a Chair of Belles Lettres in our Faculty, and although a prize of \$200 is annually awarded in that department, yet there is in reality no such branch pursued at the College of New Jersey. Consider briefly the course through which the present Senior and Junior classes have been taken.

The text books last year were "Craik's English of Shakspeare," and Marsh's "Origin and History of the English Language." To the literary character of these works I need not refer. Dryest detail, presented in the most uninteresting manner, and in the latter book at least, as faulty in substance as in style seems to be the opinion of their contents entertained by students and Professor. But setting this point aside; the books do not propose to discuss English Literature. They are of a purely philological nature, and although dissertations on the use of "its," and notes on the "Anglo-Saxon Power of Derivation and Development of Radical Significations" may be both interest-

ing and useful, they certainly belong to a more advanced period of study than ours, and require a more thorough acquaintance with the principles of English Philology than we possessed, for a due appreciation of their delicate and ethereal beauty. Through these arid deserts we were inexorably led, refreshed only by an occasional fountain welling from the inexhaustible literary reminiscences and fine critical faculty of our guide and preceptor; and when the year was ended there was a general feeling of relief. And what was accomplished by all those months of irksome study? Did they give us any real knowledge of English Literature? We were practically as far from the study of it as if we had been educated in the University of the Moon.

Nor have we fared much better during the past session. The course consisted, *nominally*, of "Lectures on English Literature," to be delivered by a gentleman of great learning and fine culture. The course constituted, *really*, of an interminable column of births, marriages and deaths, interspersed with "Fancy Sketches," and selections from the "Indelicacies of the Early English Poets." It gave us no philosophical view of the literature; no critical insight into the authors who came under our notice. It was about as strengthening to the intellect as a diet of very weak tea and very dry toast is to the body. It was necessarily "crammed" for examination, and left us in the end wholly innocent of any knowledge in the department which it pretended to teach.

We have had then a year's study of obsolete English words: and an interesting catalogue of early English authors, chronologically arranged, together with some slight allusions to their works as illustrating their lives; but we have had no course in English *Literature*. Nor is it a sufficient answer to this grave charge to say that other colleges are no better in this respect. The question is not one of comparative merit, but of positive failure.

It may be replied that ours is the best course possible under the circumstances. Is it so? Is it then impossible, during four years of study, to give us an insight into English Literature? Literature is "the result of knowledge, learning, and imagination, preserved in writing." Must we let these grand "results" go, and consider only the writing in which they are preserved? Is it too much, for us to wish to be led by some wise and enthusiastic guide among those eternal monuments of Genius which embody the best thought of the English mind? Too much, to long for some brief communion with the intellectual kings and heroes of the race, instead of dallying in the ante-chamber among the valets and scandal mongers? These are questions, gentlemen of the Trustees and Faculty, which it interests you to answer. They are asked respectfully, but earnestly. We await your reply in a practical form—if it is possible to give us a course in English Literature in any degree adequate to the grandeur of the field,—in any degree adequate to the interest which we feel already exists among the students, only waiting for a spark to kindle it into enthusiasm, for your own sake and for ours, we ask you to give it to us.

M. E. W.

A NEEDED REFORM.

We have frequently been amused in listening to the eloquent strains of denunciation, which, during the past year, have been hurled by college speakers against the degenerate and corrupt politicians of our day. This seems to have been a most popular theme, and there

is, undoubtedly, cause for criticism, and the field is broad enough to warrant the most earnest invective. But do we not thus play the part of the hypocrite who endeavored to extract the mote from his brother's eye, while his own sight was dimmed by the presence of a similar evil? Have we no dishonest practice which is not unfrequently indulged in? Is the college world so pure that it is necessary to enter the political arena to find abuses to criticise? We think that there is one subject, at least, in regard to which the students of many of our colleges may well blush. We refer to the practice of cheating in examinations. This is not restricted to any one institution, but its pernicious influence is seen in the moral tone of a large number of our colleges. That the practice is wrong, mean and unmanly, every one who values truth and despises a lie will admit: but there are many who attempt to excuse their course by stating that it is a common practice, and that it is sanctioned, rather than condemned, by public sentiment. This may, and undoubtedly does, lead many, who would not ordinarily perform a dishonest act, to compromise their sense of right by conforming to what they are pleased to call "general custom." This pretext, however, does not need refutation, as no high-minded man would contend that deception is right because it is frequently practiced.

Others, again, plead the *motive*, stating that it is done, not to maintain a stand in class, not that they may graduate with honors gained by trickery, deception and fraud; but simply that they may avoid being "dropped." This is the old and contemptible argument that the end justifies the means, and the mere statement of it is its own refutation. But neither of these subterfuges will bear examination, and we pass on to remark that this practice is not only in itself disgraceful and humiliating; but also unjust to our fellow students, as by obtaining a position to which we are not properly entitled we prevent them from obtaining their

just rewards. It is, however, to the personal pride and honor of the student we would appeal; for it lowers our self-respect and blunts our keener sensibilities, "it warps us from the living truth" and would lead us to be less scrupulous in our distinctions of right and wrong. This is a result most earnestly to be shunned, for if there is any one characteristic in man that is especially ennobling it is to be endowed with a high sense of honor. The sentiment expressed by Pope, that "an honest man's the noblest work of God" will find an echo of response in many a breast.

The question which now arises is, how can this deception, which is humiliating to the person himself and unjust to others, be abolished? The faculties of many of the colleges of the East have endeavored to solve the question by making stringent rules, threatening dismissal and other penalties. This has, in a measure, produced the desired effect, but any one familiar with student life knows that it will take a different force thoroughly to eradicate the evil. They can see that, in order to accomplish any great reform, the students themselves must take hold hold of it; in other words, public sentiment must be expressed plainly and unequivocally against the practice, and then only can we hope for a radical change. This is clearly seen in the fact that throughout most of the Southern colleges public sentiment frowns down any attempt at deception and cheating finds no support within their walls. In the colleges of the North however, public opinion seems never to have taken a decided stand on this question, and consequently, by its silence, to have sanctioned or, at least, permitted it. We have noticed this difference in the college public opinion of these two sections of our country, not to arouse any feeling, but that we may be assisted by this circumstance in our appeal, especially to the students of Princeton. Princeton, although called the "College of New Jersey," is by no means a sectional institution. It has ever been her boast that she is

more of a national institution than any college in the land. The representatives of twenty-six different states are, at present, within her walls; and China, Syria, Turkey and Japan, have each names on her catalogue. We would now appeal to the Southerners for the sake of the fair fame of the South that they refuse to perform an action which, in some of their institutions, would compel a man to leave in disgrace. To those who are from the North that they will set their faces against this practice, and attempt to raise public sentiment in northern colleges as it now exists in those of the South. And we would appeal to every student of this institution in the name of justice—justice to his classmates and fellow students,—in the name of that honor which every true man must possess to blot out this foul stain from our college's reputation.

Is there any man here so lost to every sentiment of honor and justice that when this subject has been brought to his attention, he will still continue to pursue a practice which no one can justify or even excuse? But will not our individual pride and self-respect lead us to repudiate entirely this disgraceful practice, and boldly and plainly express our censure of any such act in the future.

S. L. M.

THE EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE FELLOWSHIP.

There are perhaps no branches of knowledge more eagerly sought after in these latter days than those which embrace the study of natural phenomena. To meet and satisfy this wholesome desire, there are great facilities and sufficient means in most of our American colleges. More-

over it is absolutely necessary that it should be so; for, the study of natural science provides just that sort of an education which is demanded by the times. But alas for Princeton! she has no scientific school, although she has several professors eminent in the departments of natural science. For lack of such a school she has, forsooth, established a fellowship, which is to supply in her list of graduates those names which are some day to astonish the world with the brilliancy of their scientific reputation. The very title of this fellowship signifies that it embraces as much in its scope as does the ordinary scientific school. It certainly has one feature about it which is a very superior advantage, in as much as it takes but one year to acquire all the knowledge which covers the wide range of experimental science. It is preposterous, it is absurd to think, that during the senior year, a student, with all his other duties, can make himself so well acquainted with the different departments of experimental science as to deserve the title of "Fellow." And here is the point, the young man who takes this fellowship is not in reality a "Fellow," or in more explicit terms, an *expert* in experimental science. There is a sort of hallucination about the thing which deludes both the students and the outside world. Let us examine briefly what the requirements are in a successful competition for this fellowship. It assumes this year three divisions, natural philosophy, geology and chemistry; and in order that you may gain sufficient knowledge of these sciences to become distinguished, it is required that you make yourself acquainted simply with one item under each head. For instance, in natural philosophy you are to know all about light, irrespective of mechanics, heat, electricity, etc., which are included under the department of natural philosophy; in geology, a knowledge of the carboniferous age is all that is required, while the other ages and formations in the earth's crust are apparently deemed insignificant;

in chemistry, a thorough acquaintance with iron, its sources, properties and relations, is to serve as a knowledge of chemistry.

Now it is plainly to be seen, that light, coal and iron form a very small part of the sciences which they respectively represent; and however well a man may be acquainted with these three things, he has but a smattering of experimental science. This is what we regard as a fatal error on the part of those who gave the title to this fellowship and prescribed its boundaries. For, suppose a young man to have studied faithfully all that is requisite to pass the required examination, and to have been awarded the honorary title of "Fellow" in experimental science. He goes out into the world and is regarded as *au fait* until he stumbles upon something which bears the name of an experimental science, but of which he knows nothing. He is a perfect *ignoramus* in science outside of the three or four items which he studied in order to win the fellowship. He may know all about iron, but what general knowledge has he of chemistry? He may know all about light, but what general knowledge has he of natural philosophy? He not only finds himself sadly disappointed, but he reflects a bad odor on the institution that sent him forth claiming to be what he is not. Now our argument rests right here, that the fellowship, as it exists with its present title, covers too much ground, and that it requires for a full mastery of experimental science not merely one year but several years. Now the title "Fellow" has not as great a significance in this country as it has in England. Here the title is given to one, who, having a taste and aptness for a particular branch of learning, studies with a view of establishing while in college a foundation on which to build his temple of fame when his college course shall have ended. It is not probable that many of those who are endowed with the average amount of common sense, will dignify the smattering of experi-

mental science which a young man gets at this college, with the term *foundation*. The fact that knowledge has become so vast a thing, render it impossible for any one to make himself perfect in all its branches; and to obviate this, it has become the custom for men to select some particular branch of learning and advance it towards perfection by devoting the study of a life-time to it. Now this is the principle which should be involved in this fellowship. It should be definite; its boundaries should take in but one department of science. It should be a fellowship in natural philosophy, or in chemistry, or in geology. Then, the young man taking a fellowship of this kind and pursuing his studies after leaving college, would be ten fold more likely to gain distinction and reflect honor on his alma mater than by following the present system. Do we not have a fellowship in mathematics, in classics and in mental science? These are all explicit, with the boundaries of each well marked.

Why should it not be so with the fellowship in question? It may be offered as an objection to our proposition, that we cannot have three different fellowships in natural science, and therefore we ought to combine as much as possible in one. By no means, these different fellowships can be so arranged as to follow one another successively, and each fellowship get the benefit of the same fund. For instance, let it be announced that the scientific fellowship next year shall be given to the student who shall pass the best examination in theoretical and practical chemistry, and in the year following let geology take the place of chemistry, and so on in a system of rotation. And furthermore, let the students who are contending for one of these fellowships be under the immediate direction and control of the Professor who conducts that particular department of science. In this way advantages are gained and opportunities are offered which the student might otherwise be deprived of. Princeton would then be educating men in natural science,

who could stand side by side with the other great lights of the age. Now, we respectfully call the attention of the Faculty to this subject, as a matter of great importance and deserving of their serious consideration. Trusting that such will be their good pleasure, we leave the matter in their hands.

M. D.

THE FUTURE RECONCILIATION.

It is on account of our firm conviction of the fact, that education enlarges the ideas and expands the sympathies of men—makes them tolerant of opinions that are not in exact harmony with their own views, that we have allowed ourselves to discuss, at this time and place, the subject of Future Reconciliation between the North and South. We feel that the importance of the question makes the time appropriate. We are assured, that at this place, midway between the two greatest centres of civilization—at one of the greatest educational institutions of this country, we may, with impunity and *sans reproche*, express our views upon a subject, the mere mentioning of which in less enlightened communities excites opposing opinions and powerful passions, and hence would be inappropriate. And here let us say, that if the reader expects to find an enthusiastic eulogy upon the bravery, justice and clemency displayed by the North during the late war, or a sad lamentation over the privations and sufferings endured by the South since that time, he will be disappointed, for we intend to present an impartial consideration of a practical question and nothing more. That the ostensible good intention between the North and

South is unreal and insincere, is a fact as well known, as that they are mutually obligated to support and obey the same constitution. That the same sectional prejudices, which seven years since, rankled in the breasts of the Southerners and animated the souls of the Northerners, still continue to crush feelings of forgiveness, is a fact none will deny. That disentombing dead issues—recalling recollections most bitter in themselves, bringing with them only unkind and uncharitable thoughts, is an unpleasant, as well as unprofitable task, we well know. Yet notwithstanding the bitter political prejudices, the apparent impossibility of a cordial reuniting, and the unpleasantness that *may* be connected with the expression of such views, we are induced to believe, by certain considerations, that a firm reconciliation between these two sections of our country will be effected, and that within the lifetime of some of the present generation. I. Let us first consider the reasons for such a belief. John B. Gough, in his lecture on "Will it Pay," said, "of the present we possess but a moment; of the future we know not; the past alone is ours," and hence, we think the thrilling recollections caused by the contemplation of the *past* friendly and intimate connection of the North and South in that great struggle for their Independence, arouses a pure patriotism, which will expel sectional hatred, and embrace both North and South. "Patriotism," says Macaulay, "became an ungovernable passion among the Greeks," because with them defeat was synonymous with loss of life, or slavery; but with us, far different reasons, love of country has become a "governing principle." Few Americans can think of her steady progress towards the vanguard of nations—of her widely extended territory—of her internal wealth, without loving their native land. Few can read of the deeds of our ancestors—the steadiness with which the North and South struggled and suffered together from 1775 to 1783, without forgetting their present unnat-

ural separation, and forgiving past wrongs. When the Earl of Chatham had finished his last eloquent speech in the House of Lords upon the ancient greatness and grandeur of Old England, the Duke of Richmond arose, and replying to his remarks, attempted to controvert some of the statements, which his zealous patriotism had highly colored. The great man essayed to reply. He could not utter a word. Instead of his usual full, round tones, only a faint, gurgling sound was heard, and such was the feeble state of his health, from sheer exhaustion and debility, he fell upon the floor in a convulsion. Immediately there rushed to his assistance men of all political opinions. His bitterest enemies, as well as his warmest friends, were anxious to render him the most trivial assistance, and as they gathered round him, saddened at their expected loss, their honest English hearts still burning with the patriotism his words had inspired, they remembered, not Pitt the opponent and bitter enemy, but Pitt the patriot and defender of English liberty. So it must be when in our National Capital, representatives, with different partialities and predilections, continue to meet and discuss national issues : when they are reminded that an hundred years ago, Jefferson and Adams, Franklin and Henry, *together* discussed our national existence ; when they remember that Washington and Warren *together* gained our National Independence, *then* a pure patriotism will expel this sectional hatred, and leaving those halls fully imbued with this liberal national spirit, and returning to their respective regions, from them, " like gems in darkness," the penetrating rays of patriotism will spread all over the land, appeasing bitter, and substituting in their stead, kindly feelings. And as the hard rock slowly, yet surely, yields to the continual dripping of water, so by the continual repetition of this influence, this hoarded store of hatred will be exhausted, and the nobler feelings of friendship assert themselves. For " time may glide by ; fortune may be inconstant ;

tempers may be soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble may be daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or caprice," but no cause can interrupt, or interfere with, the deep reversion and lasting love which the North and South both have for their Websters and Calhouns. That placid intercourse can be disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. *They* are the bonds which are to reunite the North and South.

II. Again, the politically corrupt condition of different States in the Union necessitate the institution of measures of reform, and these can be executed only by the mutual assistance of *all* sections, thereby associating together and unifying their interests. It is with no slight sense of shame that we see that State which "challenged comparison with any other for an ardent devotion to the Union," with its fair fame blackened; its bright escutcheon tarnished; its treasury empty; its credit destroyed; its industry withered; its commerce interrupted, by the unjust misgovernment of a set of mercenary adventurers. It was with mingled emotions of terror and regret that we witnessed the rapid and almost fatal descent of the "Empire State" into the vortex of pecuniary embarrassment, hurried down by the most complicated system of chicanery and corruption ever exposed in the civilized world. It was with sorrow that we listened to the discordant sound of civil strife and governmental dissolution which has come from Louisiana; with feelings of indignation that we find her debt has been increased from \$14,000,000 to \$49,000,000 in one year, that the regular session of her legislature which in 1860 cost from \$100,000 to \$200,000 in 1871 cost \$950,000, in addition to an extra session, which cost \$750,000. But we will proceed no further with this dark record, for it, like the fabled cavern, becomes darker and more dangerous the further we proceed. Suffice it to say, that in any previous period of our country's history, the corruption compared with the present, has been as chastisement with reeds to torture with

scorpions. Then this is an eminently fit season for reform. The whole nation is thirsting for it. To effect it the strength of the *entire* nation is requisite. Both the North and South are beginning to appreciate this, and well they may, for their teachers, the Scotts of South Carolina, Holdens of North Carolina, Murphy, Tweed & Co. of New York, and a host of lesser lights, have made their lessons duly impressive.

It was by the exercise of both his strength and discretion that St. George was at length able to overcome the "monster vile, whom man and God did hate." Had he been maimed or bound he must have perished ingloriously, and left his mission unperformed, and the "pure and peerless" Una to the tender mercies of that dreadful serpent. And so it will be with America, when she unites the coolness and care of the North, with the fire and zeal of the South, she can loose herself from the strangling embrace of this "monster foule." If this Union is not cordial, the common enemy profiting by their dissension, will heedlessly trample underfoot the Constitution and laws of the land, and their duty to civilization and christianity will remain unperformed. We believe this will not be the case. But as the proud Arabian steed, with one swift, sudden plunge, unhorses his cruel rider, so will the North and South, with one concentrated effort, rid themselves of this plague, and rise to fulfill their noble destiny. For their identity of interests demands this action; and self-aggrandisement is the motive power which prompts every important act among nations as well as individuals. For mutual interest a confederacy compelled the "hero of Austerlitz" to seek shelter in the "lonely sea girt isle"—blotted from the book of nations the land of Kosciusko, and by identity of interest the North and South will be united. Separated, foreign invasion cannot be repelled, united, they will be like the sturdy oak whose roots have riveted it fast forever. Tempests cannot move it; the whole universe of God cannot

upheave it: "there it stands in pillared majesty, proudly out against the sky—the Colossus of the century!" And we hope and believe that this season of separation will be as short as the night of an Arctic summer, in which the dawn begins to reappear before the last reflection of the preceding sunset has faded from the horizon.

III. Again the foreign and internal emigration continually going on strongly tends to decrease this sectional hatred. It has ever been the boast of America that her free government afforded an asylum to the oppressed; freedom in religion, politics and speech, to those seeking to escape the severity of less lenient governments. And foreigners, appreciating the preciousness of this boon, have flocked to our shores, and thousands of the friends of those among us are standing on tiptoe on the shores of their native lands, awaiting the return of the vessels which are to bring them hither. Since 1820 there have been 10,000,000 of these arrivals, thus constituting at least 25 per cent. of our whole population. Nor is this stream, like others, decreased by the lapse of time. But each successive year its tributaries have increased in number and proportion, until they have formed a "vast river of unfailing source," which has made its unqualified reception a subject of serious consideration among American statesmen. This stream radiates in every direction, irrigating and fertilizing the soil from North Carolina to California, from Maine to Florida. These people were not affected as to their passions or interests, by our late civil strife. They did not leave their native lands to vindicate the rights, or right the wrongs of their adopted country, but simply to benefit themselves and their children. They have neither the time or inclination to dwell over *our* feuds, and hence their influence is salutary in the extreme. The most careless observer cannot fail to recognize their good influence throughout the country. He will not see the multitude "assembled talking over their pri-

vate griefs, indulging in querulous complaints, mingling their murmurs of discontent; pouring forth tales of real or imaginary wrongs; giving utterance to political recrimination. The effervescence of faction seems for a moment settled, collisions of discordant interests have subsided, and hushed is the clamor of controversy." In fine, he will notice an air of general industry pervading the whole country, which gives to its inhabitants more profitable subjects for consideration, affording time to bury the past, which would be more speedily accomplished in the South but for misgovernment.

Again the restless, industrious character of the native American leads to internal emigration, and the undeveloped resources of many of the Southern States afford ample means of gratifying this national propensity. And we are glad to find, that of late, the South, as well as the West, is attracting the attention of the intelligent, honest young men of the North, who, going there, will exhibit to its inhabitants some of the merits, and comparatively few of the *demerits* of the Northern character. At a distance, Niagara seems to the observer to be nothing more than a black, shapeless mass of turgid water rushing headlong over an ugly precipice, inspiring neither awe or admiration. But upon nearer approach, his "soul with its grandeur and melody is filled, and love to God." So it is in regard to character. We are unable to properly appreciate it until we have intimately associated with its possessors. Hence this *internal* emigration will relieve the Southern mind of many of its preconceived prejudices, thus substituting amity and friendliness for dislike and enmity, so necessary to, and promotive of, this future reconciliation.

IV. Again the civilized, christian character of the nineteenth century indicates this result. In ages past men's recognized rights were few. Men were devotees of brazen images, and worshipped an "unknown God." Time

passed; this dark cloud has been uplifted; the silver lining has appeared; and darkness, like the morning mist, has disappeared. Civilization, aided by her elder sister Religion, has buried those barbarous customs, and upon the "grave of the thistle," now blooms a fairer flower, this Christian Age. A few months since, that mighty master, yet submissive servant, visited and desolated the "garden city" of the West. Thousands were left homeless and friendless. Such a wail of wretchedness and woe was borne upon the chill morning air as must have made angels weep. This supplication for assistance, like a funeral knell, saddened and made sympathetic the hearts of all, and swollen streams of contributions have flowed to this sea of desolation. A mighty nation's sympathies have been awakened, and see the result. Both the dock-yard and exchange, the church and state alike, have been the sources of this succor-bearing stream. Now, although the "past is but the dying echoes of the present, forever dying, yet never dead;" although the sound of Corinth's cannon is still booming; although the dying groans and curses, uttered at Shiloh and Antietam, are still seeking eternity, ever going, yet never gone, yet we are sanguine enough to believe, and we certainly hope, that when the remains of crushed hopes and disappointed ambition—the stricken souls of the *Southern* Chicagos make *their* sadly eloquent appeals to the christians of the North, East and West, "sad memory will weave a veil to hide the past"—that which is done will be forgiven—that which is past will be forgotten, and the North and South will again be kindly disposed towards each other. For Edmund Burke has said, and all great statesmen agree with him, that where a nation, or a large part of a nation is concerned, leniency is the surest and speediest means of conciliation. For the spectacle which deserves, and receives the most heartfelt approbation of man—which wins heaven's fairest smile, is

that of a generous victor freely and frankly forgiving a valiant, yet vanquished foe. The victor, Prospero-like, closes the contest with a strain of mercy's music. The deed shines like a sunbeam on the wing of a proud eagle as he seeks his island-eyrie. The poetry of nature sings his praises; the musical spheres re-echo the chorus.

We have noticed most of the sure and steady influences, which, tide-like, are slowly wearing away this rock, which, for seven years, has barred the friendly intercourse of two large sections of our country. But the national importance of their friendly re-union demands that these silent agencies have an *active, living* power to impel them forward, and direct their action. As the owner's attention is necessary to make the machine productive of good results, so these tendencies, which we believe would *ultimately* produce the desired effect if left alone, require the guidance of the intelligent young men of the present generation, who have had frequent friendly intercourse with each other at the different educational institutions of this country. It is with the liveliest pleasure that we have noticed, in our own midst, the growth and maturity of the strongest friendships between two young men from these different parts of our country—representatives of both parties in politics, yet, by association, each has learned to admire and appreciate the estimable qualities in the character of the other. The Southerner respects the delicacy which prevents his associate from disintombing dead issues, thereby causing him pain. The Northerner admires the good sense, which prevents every *real well-wisher* of the South from dwelling over the past, which he knows is irrevocable—has the “seal of eternity” set upon it. And it is in just such places as *this*, where in generous rivalry we have striven—where we have been inspired by the precepts of our noble predecessors—it is in the *Princetons* of America that

this spirit of toleration, this feeling of generosity and forgiveness is being strengthened and encouraged.

The stern Macedonian conqueror, with his scarred face, is represented reclining gracefully upon his hand, thereby concealing his disfigurement, presenting a true, yet pleasing picture. And we think it is eminently becoming, that we should, like the painter of that portrait, put the *hand of charity* upon the unseemly scars of both North and South, and *not* paint in glaring colors their deformities, making a poor and painful picture. In our consideration of this question we have not forgotten that the South is at present *misruled* by a set of adventurers; that official patronage is denied men of honesty and intelligence; but we *know* that the *real men* of the South are not disheartened and cast down, but incited by the thought of her past greatness and glory, moved by her present poverty and inactivity, and solicitous for her future destiny, are striving to rebuild the "fallen temple." The deeds of their ancestors plainly telling them, that they can

"Wrest from the future the guerdons
That to resolute purpose belong."

Neither were we unmindful of the fact, that many of the plains of the South are fertilized by the bones of thousands of brave men who "fell fighting in liberty's cause"—who spilt their heart's blood that would not

* * "stain the purest rill
That sparkles in the bowers of bliss,"

in defense of their Northern homes, and to *their* friends and relatives the "whispering winds that blow from the Southern clime" brings no sweetness, only embittered recollections of "dear ones that have gone." But we *know* that the elevated sense of patriotism which prevails bids them say,

" Not a word of the Past! It has perished,
Gone down in its beauty and bloom,

* * * * *

And none who continually centre
Their thoughts in the By-gone, and ban
The Present, are fitted to enter
The on-coming kingdom of men!"

The good sense of all men tells them, that if the Union be dissevered, another Constitution embracing both sections *cannot* be framed; that we shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power and interest, too proud to brook injury, too close to make retaliation difficult or ineffectual; that our very animosities will, like those of other kindred countries, become more deadly, because our laws, language and lineage are the same. It tells them that supporting and obeying our present constitution is our only security; "that its foundations are solid; its superstructure was erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its defences from without are impregnable; its compartments are useful, as well as beautiful; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order;" that it was destined for immortality; that it was reared to embrace them both, and must embrace them still. Their Religion reminds them, that that Being, who, "with one hand raises the moon in the East, with the other, retains the sun in the golden gates of the West, yet lends an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a *speck* in the immensity," has said, that an "house divided against itself *cannot* stand."

A FLORILEGIUM.

The following miscellaneous extracts are taken from Original Orations delivered during the past term: they are thrown in with the view of adding somewhat of relish and variety to our pages: and at the same time for the purpose of giving a *glimpse* of the general *style* of our college speeches.—EDS.

The Landscape of his past holds no Dead Sea, from whose dark depths stand up a Sodom and Gomorrah, but clear from marge to marge, there blooms a Beulah land—a scape of life and loveliness; at his feet there flows the final River, and beyond its waves the shining of the city of Celestials.—*A last look on a true life.*

Hamilton knew in his own soul the shameless imposition, the unutterable outrage the edict of society was imposing upon him; yet in that hour when the eloquence of action would have spoken most, when the thought of his country ought to have stayed his rash resolve, when the ties of kindred and friendship ought to have plead most earnestly, when the voices of his whole soul exclaimed against the deed, when in the dignity and glory of that manhood which God had given him, he ought to have proclaimed his defiance of public opinion, when in vindication of his sense of right, when in vindication of the identity of his conviction with his nature, he ought to have stamped out that shameless code of honor, a “monumental mockery” to the name:—in such an hour, in such a crisis, he bows in abject submission to the will of the populace, and sacrifices upon the altar of public opinion a life that leaves a “dreary waste in the region of intellect and worth.”

* * * * * And of pleasure—how largely its votaries pursue! How absorbingly the dance, the song, the wine engage them! How barren the tree of knowledge to their vacant gaze! How devoid of meaning the lessons of History and Science! Oh what phantoms do pure and holy motives seem to their deadened sense! With what languor and lassitude they grapple with life! With what airy nothings are they cheated by time!

The hope of immortality lies deeper than the power of change in every human heart. It is a necessity of our nature. Without it, life is but a troubled dream, a splendid failure. As from the grave of some loved friend the daisies and tender violets sprout among the grass, so amid the shadowing memories of the past, the anticipations of another and a higher life, spring up to cover the grief-scar in the bereaved heart.

To him who with the spirit of an enthusiast fulfills *for mankind* the labors of his vocation—Life will be its own reward.

He will feel "that dominion which the life of one man, if his life be a truth, will assert o'er the life of mankind." The rhythm through the last cantos of his life's epos will find an accompaniment in the benisons of an exalted nation.

Literature and Art may deify their great. Science may canonize them! But no more enduring monument will any man gain than the memory-home a people will give him.

Few men have known a requiem as sublime as that of Cosmo De Medici—dying in the Piazza of Florence—whose soul was hindered from Heaven by the thronging cries of, "*Father, do not leave thy people!*"

His requiem, and the welcome he received beyond, will be the requiem and the welcoming of this one—when, as the noises of earth die away and the murmurings of the outer Infinite become audible, from the Nuncio of the King of Kings he hears the words:—"A great spirit is coming to its reward."

Whatever virtues man may possess he cannot claim the dignity of true character till they are coined in action. For action is the condition of life, and the law of value. It is the medium through which the excellencies of the individual must impress the mass, and the soul impart its divine endowments to Society. Perfumed projects, however long they may be entertained, can, at best, but please an inward sense, thus expending themselves on the waning waves of a fading imagination, while the imperishable action of virtue starts vibrations that will make music in eternity. But this action must also be decisive, for while we coquet with circumstance time steals the heart of fortune.

If the symmetry and promptness of action in that organic world which is governed by immutable laws, commands an unwearied admiration, how much more should perfect decision in an organism of Senses, Reason and

Free Will, where action is not the slavish consequent of necessity, but the fruit of volition, the mission of virtue and crown of sovereignty. To see, to know, to ACT is the cycle of human character. When the understanding speaks, to fail of action is to lose the end of life, rob being of its eloquence and leave in shameful wreck the harmony of universal plan.

Truly, decision of character is the secret of man's excellence and power. But for it, there is many a glittering monument that must have lain buried in the shaggy rock. The undecisive man, wavering, doubting, fearing when and where to strike, is but a slave to events. Like thistle-down, the plaything of sportive winds, he is driven along in helpless passiveness by the current of other wills and drifts with the heaps of humanity's debris or sinks into the ocean of obscurity. But the man of intelligent decision is lord of circumstances and the creator of events. Let him be oppressed by I care not what disadvantages, having the divine spark within—opposing winds only fan it to a flame that burns a passage through every obstacle, while over their ashes and their ruins he beats his path to honor. It is this firm decision of the soul that brings originality and lends inspiration in literature and science, that pushes reason to its utmost bound and agonizes *there* to break the wall into eternity. By it the commander piles up barriers into a stairway to victory. It arms the statesman with a wiry individuality that renders an opposing senate easy to command. Under its influence the reformer dares to coin in heroic act his unshaken conviction, moulding the thoughts and bending the wills of men. Rushing with the force of a mighty river upon the sordid delusions that have choked the channel of progress, he bursts through every opposition and draws the doubtful eddies in the train of his example. Such is the nature of true character, imperishable force! having assimilated its experiences to spiritual power, remains to course the veins of Society when its possessor is gone.

The government of the world has always occupied the attention and employed the thoughts of many of the profoundest intellects it has ever contained. A want and a desire for something better, universally felt, has always driven men of genius and patriotism to plans of improvement laboriously devised and carefully executed. The patient investigations of the student of history have been too often met with chilling accounts of the rise, prosperity, decline, and fall of states. Perfection has been sought in vain in the government of one, of a few, of many. In many cases the best governments have been

"Like the Syrian flower,
Which buds, spreads, and withers in an hour,"

Or have proved the truth of the saying, that "A blaze betokens brevity of life;" but in a far greater number of instances every zealous and honest search has been rewarded with innumerable proofs and indications that the belief in human goodness and wisdom, in the capacity of man as an individual and as a society for self-government, is not simply a glorious vision but a reality whose beauty and sublimity has, at all times and in every land, delighted and charmed the lover of his country.

* * * * *

The importance of an intelligent and universal suffrage is thus seen. We believe that these two principles, steadily held in view and combined, will not only afford a remedy for our present system of suffrage, check corruption, purify the courts of justice, elect men of character and position to offices of trust and honor, and destroy the trade of the demagogue; but do much to reconcile in one ideal form of government the merits of a democracy—its freedom and virtue, its strength and contentedness,—and the excellencies of a monarchy—its reverence and loyalty, its honor and chivalry, its order and freedom from corruption,—and by combining the advantages of both, go far towards realizing the vision of Macaulay in the old Roman Republic:

"When none were for a party,
But all were for the state;
When the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
When lands were fairly portioned;
When spoils were fairly sold;
When men were like brothers,
In the brave days of old."

Pipe and Pen Sketches.

BY KARL.

DUMPS.

I don't know what was the cause of it, but something was the matter with his legs. He crept, crawled and cried, just like other children, but whenever he ventured to walk he was wrecked. We would set him square upon his trotterst and start him off on a bee line—yet somehow our expectations were always blasted, and our labor all in vain. He was "good" for a yard or two, but just when we were most enthusiastic, and just when his own dainty face was most hopefully aglow, the twin feet would become powerless, the little form would lurch from side to side, like a row boat in mid ocean, and the next minute he would be upon the floor, regarding us with a peculiar expression, that clearly indicated he considered us to blame. From this incapacity we named him Dumps; and though he has subsequently risen superior to his misfortune, this name has gone with him as a reminiscence of that babyhood, which, strange to say, he fails to recollect.

No child ever gave his mother so much trouble as Dumps, no, not even Mr. Twain's. At first, as we have just said, he would not walk at all; then he took the other extreme, and insisted upon walking all the time. When he saw anything that pleased his fancy, he would possess it if possible, disregarding distance, and all obstacles that might intervene. He would crawl over tables, tumble headlong over stools, dive under chairs, and damage himself accordingly; but a blue nose and a black eye were secondary considerations, so long as the object of his voyage was eventually obtained. His proclivities were peculiar. In the first place, he repudiated the old, stereotyped afternoon nap; he noticed that no one *else* in the house reposed in the day time, and he didn't wish to be considered peculiar by doing so himself. He would rather fall in a wash tub, or

catch his fingers in a mouse trap ; indeed, he had four or five suits upon the line, and four or five fingers done up in rags constantly. It was impossible to tell unto " what complexion he would come," because Nature had been so supplemented by various tints and hues, produced by violent concussions with tables and door posts, that his face somewhat resembled our national banner,—or, as a little girl better expressed it when she said, " Oh, mother ! little Dumpses' face is *so* funny ; it looks just like a chromo ! " You readily anticipate from this, that Dumps was not vain ; indeed, he was as indifferent to his personal appearance, and as ignorant of the niceties of dress as Mr. Greeley. After a dress was once *on* he was satisfied ; but getting out of one, and getting into another, involved maternal manipulations, which, from his inmost heart, he bitterly despised. His peculiarities were disclosed to the public, for the *first* time, under the following unpleasant circumstances :

Dumps saw some little boys, after a heavy thunder storm, building a mud dam in the gutter, and volunteered his services at once. In his anxiety to be as prompt as possible, he lost his footing upon the top of the stoop, rolled head over heels down the steps, continued his evolutions across the side walk and landed broad side in the water with a yell, whereupon the young beavers all ran off leaving Dumps to " pick himself out " as best he might. His mother met him on the threshold with a rod : he had been " very bad ; " he " must be punished," and was told accordingly " *to hold out his hand.* "

He gazed upon his mother for a moment—then clasping his bedaubed fingers said :

" Oh mother *pray* that I may have *courage* to do so ! "

When Dumps went to public school he used to amuse himself by dropping small stones from the second story window upon the heads of the little girls as they were entering below, consequently there were a great many bumps upon a great many heads, which Phrenology could not account for, but Dumps himself, as he gazed along the line of lumps which run from one end of the school room to the other, knew well to what circumstance they owed their existence, as did the *teacher*, who accomplished the same result with him, but by means of a more scientific process. The teacher however never cured Dumps of this trick ; indeed Dumps was so dreadfully regular, that the teacher always took it *for granted* that the stones had been dropped. and accordingly, at a certain hour every day, the teacher would say : " *After I've whipped Dumps*, the 2d Arithmetic class may come up ! "

Dumps still lives, but to record his deeds would fill volumes, while the number in prospective is immense, because he does not even at this late day betray a single symptom of reform.

DRAMATIC.

Now and then a wave of air wandering down the hall would slightly part the heavy curtains, and tantalize our curiosity by giving us a glimpse ; only a *single* glimpse ; yet, in the momentary vision afforded us, we could see that they were all there, patiently awaiting the tinkling of the prompter's bell.

The corridor was crowded, and the stairway thronged ;

“The fans among the ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers ;”

while, from the rotunda above, the gas light fell rich and warm upon faces “dark and faces fair” below. Here and there, to the front, were a few, more nervous than the rest, because behind the curtain that divided actor and auditor there were one or two very dear to them ; yet, we doubt whether even these had the least idea of the excitement which existed just a few feet beyond, hidden by the dusky folds of the great veil.

“Lively up !” cries the prompter, entering the dressing room of the gentlemen ; “It's after time, and the overtures not yet begun.” Ah ! that dressing room ! What a place ! There were the costumes of a dozen different characters hurriedly crammed into great valises spread wide open. like the mouths of hungry monsters, all over the floor. There was the *Costermonger* in his corduroys grumbling at the *Porter*, who, in a moment of mental abstraction had seated himself upon his stock of wind-mills, and damaged them beyond repair. There was Eglantine in his immaculate lavenders, arranging his cravat with a mathematical precision that would have delighted Dr. Duffield's heart. There was Moke rehearsing his part in a Saratoga trunk, but with a nervousness that was subsequently developed by the omission of an entire page.

“Take your foot out of my valise,” cries the *Porter* to the *Costermonger*. “Don't you see that your heel is on the bosom of my dress shirt ?”

“There !” says the fastidious Eglantine, “I'm ready ! Gracious what's that ?” and stumbling over a stool he lands square up the *Costermonger's* wind-mills again.

“Where's my left shoe ?” cries the *Porter*. “Hang it all !” he continues, gazing down on Roseleaf's trotters, “can't you see the shoes you have on are not mates ? Pull 'em off quick ; that one with the toe piece is mine.”

“Watch out there !” shouts the prompter. “Goodness gracious ! it was the powder-box, and you've upset it all over Dott's velvetine. Gosh !”

“Gently, now,” expostulates the *Costermonger*. “You've been upon my corn three consecutive times in two minutes.”

"Help me make myself a black eye," says the Porter to the Prompter, and a moment after he utters in a subdued howl, "You put that cork right against my face when it was all ablaze."

"Hold on, I've a conundrum," cries Mr. Nobbs, "I've a *nobby* one! Why should every dog be a good sailor? 'Cause they each own a *bark*." Nobbs is forced at once to retire behind his mills, but Eglantine taking up the cue asks: "Why is a dog like a Jew? Because he belongs to a *cur-sed* race;" whereupon Eglantine is bitterly denounced, and in the "*subsequent* proceedings" loses his beard, yet the prompter, always determined to equal every one in everything, inquires:

"Why is a lame dog like a church roof? Because he is a slope up (slow pup)."

Very fortunately for him the little bell sounds, and the overture begins; a few minutes after it closes with a bang, and up flies the curtain. One by one the characters come on and go off—and, as the plot proceeds, difficulties begin and thicken, ending eventually in despair. Susan, Julia, and the Costermonger, are angry, tearful and thunderstruck by turn. They rave, they weep, they plead. They cringe, they supplicate, they pray, but all in vain, for the figure concealed in the dark coat, and the face that is masked by the great hat, has been wronged and thirsts for vengeance "*full, complete, terrible*."

Suddenly the Costermonger looks behind him and catches a glimpse of Eglantine's vanishing coat tails. The Costermonger, with an hysterical "Ha! ha!" makes a dive for them, for he knows that the ignominious creature bent upon so hasty a retreat was accountable for the family broil. The other characters rush to the spot. They surround him, they hiss at him, they shout wildly in his ears. They mash in his hat, they rumple his beard, they shake him by the arms, they almost tear him to pieces as they drag him by main force to the front. He promises and cries, howls and supplicates, rolls and roars in his agony, but all to no purpose, for every ear is deaf, and every heart bent upon revenge. "Pitch him into the water tank below," cries a voice. They catch him up, they bear him back, they thrust his head through the second story window, and poise him upon the sill. His wild cries of "Mercy!" mingled with those wilder cries of "Murder!" blend together and die echoing along the hall; but ere they faint away one woman's heart is touched, and one woman begs that his life may be spared.

Then follow explanations, apologies and reconciliations, until, at last, the curtain falls upon united hearts and happy lovers. Every one in the audience is highly pleased, while some, more thoughtful than the others, send their pretty compliments to the actors behind the scenes—and thus the entertainment ends.

Olla-podrida.

It has been the custom of our predecessors to introduce this department of the magazine with expressions of affection for their "*Dear Reader and still Dearer Subscriber.*"

If we, in the present instance, make a departure from this well beaten course, we trust that the deviation will not be attributed to any lack of regard for the reader or of gratitude for the subscriber. We have concluded that it would be eminently improper for us to consume space by unnecessary formalities, while we are compelled, for want of room, to exclude so many able and interesting articles. There seems to have been a literary *renaissance* in College during the last few months: we have been utterly overwhelmed with articles seeking admission into our pages. We cordially rejoice in this result and hope that it may be accepted as indicating a spirit of vigorous and permanent literary activity. It has been our aim and endeavor to represent the *greatest number* possible of the literary men in College, thinking that in this way the Lit is most improving to the students, that it most fairly exhibits the results of their literary labors, and as such best subserves the end for which it was instituted.

The period over which the present Lit extends, has certainly not been marked by any remarkable or soul-stirring events: we begin by recording the results of several

PRIZE CONTESTS.

Senior Debates.

In Whig Hall.

The first medal was awarded to	George Wilson, of Pa.
" second "	" L. Richmond Smith, of Ala.
" third "	" Robert C. Thakerry, of Md.

In Clio Hall.

The first medal was awarded to Addison L. Daniels, of Iowa.
 " second " " Henry Martin Ogden, of Wisc.
 " third " " James Forsyth Riggs, of Turkey.

Senior Contests in Oratory.

In Whig Hall.

L. Richmond Smith, of Ala., received the First Prize.
 Charles W. Kase, of N. J., " Second "
 T. W. Johnston, of Miss., " Third "

In Clio Hall.

A. Alexander Murphy, of Pa. received the First Prize.
 Fred. B. DuVal, of Md., " Second "
 Henry M. Ogden, of Wis., " Third "

(In justice to the public sentiment of the students, we deem it our duty to say that many were surprised and not a few seriously disappointed by this decision.)

THE JUNIOR ORATORS

appointed to represent the Literary Societies at next Commencement, are as follows :

CLIOS.

J. P. Kennedy Bryan, of South Carolina.
 George Howard Duffield, " New Jersey.
 Simon J. McPherson, " New York.
 Henry J. VanDyke, Jr., " New York.

WHIGS.

J. Robert Adams, of Pennsylvania.
 Artemas Bissell, " New York.
 James H. Cowen, " Ohio.
 Herman H. North, " Pennsylvania.

We are heartily glad to state that the decision meets with very general satisfaction in both Halls. Judging from the expressed opinion in College, we feel no hesitancy in saying, that if a ballot had been cast by the students, they would have elected this identical ticket with almost a unanimous vote.

THE SOPHOMORE PRIZE CONTEST

in Whig Hall took place on Friday, January 26th.

First Prize was given to James Henry Ross, of N. Y.
 Second " " Wm. Harry Sponsler, of Pa.

The Class of '75 held quite an exciting election for class-officers on January 17th. The gentlemen chosen are as follows :

Wm. G. Belknap, of Ia., President.
 Charles Scribner, of N. Y., Vice President.
 I. H. Louberger, of Mo., Treasurer.
 Henry Moffat, of N. J., Secretary.

The Class of '75 have concluded, besides the usual Class-stamp, to get an Engraving with a monogram of the Class and College: the former is to be used for stamping books, &c., the latter for paper and envelopes.

The usual meeting of

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

was held in December; they adopted the following resolutions which will doubtless be read with interest. In reply to a petition from a joint committee from the two Halls, they

Resolved, That in regard to the Junior Orators, the Board elect two judges, who shall thereupon select an Umpire, and the three shall constitute the board of judges upon the merits of the speakers.

Resolved, That the Orators be not hereafter designated by the badge of their respective Societies, that the order of speaking be determined by lot, and that the programmes be so prepared as to give no information relative to the society to which any speaker may belong."

In reference to the projected

SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

they

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to consider the desirableness of establishing a School of Science in connection with the College, and prepare a draft for the constitution of such school, and bring the scheme under the notice of those who may be expected to favor it."

We rejoice in the serious and business-like tone of this action on the part of the Trustees: we are informed that the scheme has fair prospects of success, as it is under the earnest and favorable consideration of a few generous friends of the College.

The following

REGULATIONS IN REGARD TO THE EXAMINATIONS

at the end of the Second Term of the College year, were recommended by the Faculty to the Trustees, and adopted by them at their late meeting.

"1. That at the end of the Second Term, the Senior Class be examined in the studies of the year completed by them at that time, namely, Geology and German, also that they be examined in the Latin, Greek, and Mathematics required for the degree of A. B.

2. That the Junior Class be examined in the studies then completed, namely, Geology, Mechanics, and Logic.

3. That these be the only full examinations required of the two higher classes, but that the last exercise of the term in each department be a *written* recitation on such portion of the work of the term as the Professor may deem advisable.

4. That the examinations of the Sophomore and Freshman classes be conducted substantially as heretofore, but may be made somewhat lighter at the discretion of the Instructor.

5. That hereafter the *grades* of all the classes be calculated and circulars sent to parents and guardians but *twice* in the year, namely, at the end of the First and of the Third Terms."

The following Honorary Degrees were conferred by the Trustees at their late meeting, Dec. 20th, 1871: The Degree of LL.D. on Hugh L. Hodge, M.D., Emeritus Professor in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania; also, on Abraham Coles, M.D., of Newark, N. J.; the Degree of D.D. on the Rev. John W. Dulles, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, also, on the Rev. C. C. Baldwin, of the Class of '41, a Missionary at Foochow, China, and Author of a Grammar and Lexicon of the Foochow Dialect.

At the same meeting the Degree of A.M., was conferred on William Baylis, John C. Owens, William Scott, George A. VanWagenen, and Samuel Waugh, all of the Class of '68.

ALUMNI REUNION IN WASHINGTON.

Dr. McCosh recently made a visit to our National Capital, and while there, was the recipient of distinguished honors. He was invited by President Grant to attend a session of the Cabinet. By special request he was present at a meeting of the Commission on *Civil Service Reform*, and had with the Committee a cordial interchange of views on this great question.

But the most interesting feature of Dr. McCosh's visit was a

GRAND BANQUET

given in his honor by Gen. W. W. Belknap. To this entertainment all graduates of Princeton, resident in or near Washington were invited. Of the meeting the New York *Times* says:

"It was a most notable gathering, including some sixty graduates, among whom were, Ex-Chief Justice James Dunlop, Class of 1811, Dr. Henry Lindsley, Class of 1820, John M. Barclay, Journal Clerk of House of Representatives, Class of 1833, Senator James K. Kelly, of Oregon, Class of 1839, Senator Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, Class of 1841, Senator John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, Class of 1843, Dr. James C. Welling, President of Columbian College, Class of 1844, Hon. Stevenson Archer, Class of 1846, Hon. Geo. M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, Class of 1847, was prevented from attending. The occasion was honored by the presence of the President of the United States, Senators Frelinghuysen, Anthony and Cattell, Prof. Henry, and Generals Babcock and Porter."

Secretary Belknap's residence was tastefully decorated on the occasion, the walls were ornamented with the Portraits of Princeton's most illustrious Presidents, and in beautiful festoons were seen the mottoes of the College and Literary Societies. In the center "*Dei Sub Numine Viget*;" on one side "*Literæ, Amicitia, Mores*," on the other "*Prodesse quam conspici*."

Society Badges reappeared, and old College songs were sung; the whole assemblage seemed to be revived by the happy memories of College days.

and with great enthusiasm resolved to form a *Permanent Alumni Association*. Thus the trip of our learned President has been the means of effecting great good to the College.

It devolves upon us to note the election of

JOHN S. HART, LL.D.,

to the chair of Belles Lettres and English Literature. Dr. Hart graduated from this college in 1830, and two years afterwards was made Tutor, which rank he held till 1834, being then promoted to the Adjunct Professorship of Ancient Languages. In 1836 Dr. Hart became Master of Edgehill Preparatory School, and continued there until elected Principal of the High School of Philadelphia, whence he was called to be Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School at Trenton. While in this position Dr. Hart pursued the collateral work of lecturing to the Senior Class of this College on English Literature. These lectures were discontinued at the election of Prof. J. C. Welling, and Dr. Hart, finding himself also free at this period from his duties at Trenton, retired to his residence near Philadelphia, where he has since devoted his attention to letters. In this pursuit he has not been altogether unsuccessful. At an earlier period Dr. Hart was editor of a "Class-book of Poetry," and author of a "Text-book of Rhetoric," which is in use at the College. We understand that he will soon publish a work on English Literature, which will be given to the Senior and Junior Classes as a text book.

Many names have been before the Board of Trustees in candidacy for the Chair which Dr. Hart occupies. He has made a creditable record for himself thus far in life, and we sincerely trust that he will prove himself fully capable of fulfilling the duties of the high position in which the suffrage of our guardians has placed him.

The action of the College authorities in compelling the students to

ATTEND THE GYMNASIUM.

reminds us of the thrilling story of the "Boy in the Apple Tree," a graphic description of which we have all read in the back part of the Spelling Book.

The Faculty first tried "moral suasion," which had the same general effect upon us as it once exerted upon Mark Twain's old horse *Jericho*: when hortatory argument proved unavailing, the "powers that be" began to inflict absent marks, till now they absolutely force us down to the Gymnasium, and when we are fairly inside, bolt all the doors, thus precluding all possibility of escape.

This course may seem severe, but we already see evidences of its beneficial effects. It affords us pleasure in this connection to remark that Mr. Goldie continues to be a great favorite with the students. Besides his physical fitness, his vast stock of practical information, his kind and cheerful manner, and his almost superhuman patience, render him peculiarly qualified for the position which he occupies.

We are heartily glad to state that

DR. GUYOT'S HEALTH

has at last permitted him to commence his Lectures to the Seniors.

The whole Class seems to realize the advantage of being allowed to sit at the feet of a man who is so thoroughly imbued with the principles of geology, and who presents its grand truths in a manner so interesting and instructive.

Thursday, Jan. 25th, was observed as the

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

Dr. Cyrus Dickson, of Baltimore, delivered an address to the students at 3 P. M. in the College Chapel. In the evening, Rev. Wm. M. Paxton, of New York, preached a most impressive sermon before the students and citizens in the Second Presbyterian Church.

Princeton has had the honor of receiving a visit from Rev. Asa Dodge Smith, D.D., LL.D., the distinguished President of Dartmouth College. During the few days of his stay, Dr. Smith was the guest of Prof. Wm. A. Packard, formerly one of his colleagues at Dartmouth.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Twelve Essays competed for the Prize in this number of the *LIT.* Mr. Henry Jackson Van Dyke of New York was the successful candidate: his Essay is entitled "*The Ideal in Art.*"

The remaining subjects were as follows:

1. *Should women be admitted to our Colleges?*
2. *The uses of the Ideal.*
3. *Civilization: wherein it consists, and the evils which endanger its permanency.*
4. *Chaucer.*
5. *Greatness in Littleness.*
6. *Future Reconciliation.*
7. *Man only fully developed by Symmetrical Culture.*
8. *The influence of a corrupt Literature upon the moral Sentiments.*
9. *An Essay on Plagiarism.*
10. *Mechanism—the feature of the Age.*
11. *The Bondsman of a great Purpose.*

The contest was said to be very able: the Essays on Future Reconciliation and on Chaucer were especially commended: the Committee of Award are

Dr. Lyman H. Atwater,
Dr. Charles W. Shields,
Prof. Wm. A. Packard.

We cannot too strongly emphasize or too loudly applaud the efficient services of

OUR TREASURER—MR. W. P. S. BELVILLE.

Upon accepting the office he found the accounts very much entangled and embarrassed; but by his active and patriotic exertions he has now placed the Lit. upon a firm financial basis. Gentlemen, it is our earnest and soul-felt request that you will "hearken unto his voice," when Mr. Belville expresses a desire to hold a little conversation with you.

Our munificent benefactor, Mr. Bonner, has recently contributed \$5,000 to the fund for increasing the Professors' salaries. We do sincerely hope that this good work will continue till all our Professors shall receive adequate compensation for their arduous labors.

To those who are unacquainted with the fact, we would state that the

ELIZABETH FOUNDATION FUND

is the sum of \$100,000, given by John C. Green of New York, the annual interest of which is devoted to maintaining and repairing Dickinson Hall; to improving the College grounds, and to purchasing books of a high order for the Library.

The sum of \$120,000 given for the erection of our new Library is *paid down*; the building will be under roof before next winter.

The Examination for the

STINNECKE SCHOLARSHIP

will take place on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th of September next. It is well known that the Scholarship is given only once in three years. The Faculty were anxious to divide this sum, and offer the scholarship every year; but were advised by gentlemen learned in the law, that Mr. Stinnecke's will could not be so interpreted as to allow this disposition of the money.

It has been estimated that the

FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

annually awarded at Princeton, amount in number to *fifty*; and in aggregate value to \$5,510.50, with an average value of \$110.21. Besides this, the College has sixty-one *Endowed Fellowships*, each of the value of \$1,000, instituted for the *benefit of needy and meritorious students*.

John P. Kennedy Bryan leads the Class of '73 for the first term, on a grade of 99.7, Henry J. VanDyke, Jr., follows at the distance of one-tenth; several others succeed in dangerous proximity: '73 makes a bold beginning for the Thomson Prize, and from the fact that they will receive no middle-term reports, we fear that the final examinations will be painfully exciting.

A REVOLUTION.

Previous to the war a Southern student at Princeton rarely ranked in the first five of his class: since the war more than once, the first honor man in

every class has been from south of Mason and Dixon's line. This interesting fact would seem to indicate that the war with all its hardships and privations, may have wrought some beneficial effects upon the South. It shows beyond question that a new spirit has been infused into the young men of that section.

From all accounts *Rory Bean* was an obstinate and perverse animal and was even so regarded by the Laird o' Dumbydikes: but that historic animal was not more inflexible, than the immemorial custom which carries each class over the same dull track at its graduation from Princeton; we hear with pleasure the murmurings on this question, and the suggestions of making a departure from the usual borous and *back-breaking Promenade Concert*.

Princeton represents more States of the Union than any other college: this fact may in some measure account for the

POLITICAL PARADOX,

that though Princeton College in the sham election gives sixty-nine majority for the republicans, it is probably the most thoroughly democratic institution in the country; for students representing all classes and conditions of society, and every shade of political and religious creed, are here intimately associated; the tendency of such association is to uproot narrow views on all questions, and especially to eradicate petty sectional and political prejudices. The Massachusetts *Yankee*, the Southern *Hot-head*, the Western *Hoosier* and the New York *Blood* all meet here on an equal footing, and present a medley at once unique and interesting.

"THE LION'S MOUTH."

Why isn't the College Chapel kept comfortably warm during these winter days? If it were kept so, there would be more quietness during morning and evening prayers! We have shivered and have seen others shiver in there as long as is consistent with American human nature—even in a chapel! *Query*.—If the Chapel isn't kept warm, what becomes of those extra coal-fees that we have to pay?

Do the members of the Senior Class fully appreciate the *bon mot* of our Chemistry Professor, that "a man would live too fast in Oxygen alone." They surely ought to appreciate it by contrast, when they remember how *long* the hours seem in the close lecture rooms of Dickinson Hall! We live slowly enough without Oxygen. We live so slowly without it that we have sometimes felt, as we have been sitting in there, that we either had belonged or soon would belong to the *azoic* age. There is just a tantalizing amount of ventilation to those lecture rooms—just enough to make you think that there was an original purpose to ventilate them; but that the Architect concluded he would try a little at a time to see how it would go. *Query*. What was the price of Oxygen and Nitrogen *mixed*—two years ago?

Could the *Curatores et Professores et Proctores* of this College devise some way of lighting up the entrance halls to North, East and West Colleges, and Reunion Hall? Together with the ash-boxes, and coal-boxes, and various other boxes, the students have to be what Michelet called the inhabitants of Ferrara,—“Engineers under penalty of death!”

There might just as well be a few lamps around in the Campus also.

We believe there is *one* poor lonesome post, but its light so far has been shining like that of some men's minds,—the other way. *Query.*—Is *gas* too constant a quantity, among students, to be counted as an *incidental*!

Says the Historian Schlosser, “Man in a barbarous state is only gregarious.” He might just as well have written the converse too, that a man in a gregarious state is only barbarous, or rather, barbarian.

It's an aggravated form of barbarianism—the way students have of getting ready for a rush about the time that the peroration to chapel prayers begins.

There is no religion in such action; no reverence, nor any respect for either God or man. It is nothing but snobbery carried to a conclusion. Students will tell you they don't mean any wrong, and yet admit that they do wrong.

Query.—Was Tennyson correct when he called man a “piebald miscellany?”

It takes some men a long time to learn nothing! Human nature is an interesting text-book, but there are a few disgusting chapters. Some men will be in college for four years, and during the *fourth* year will go into the class-room with a qualified amount of real estate on the bottom of their boots, and use the back of their neighbor's coat for a real estate depot. We have noticed one man beg his neighbor's pardon *five times* during one lecture for doing this thing, and yet—do it the *sixth*. Would a blow-pipe analysis detect any of the elements of refinement and politeness in such a habit? Let any man who indulges in it answer that question. It is a noticeable fact about men who *do* indulge in this habit that wherever you find them, their feet tend to move upwards and their heads to go downwards!

Query.—Hasn't the law of gravitation some exceptions?

JOTTINGS.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

[*Communication.*]

Messrs. Editors:—If there be, in College life, one circumstance less tolerable than any other, it is to be waked up at *day-break* every morning by some fellow dancing a “*negro jig*” or *bear dance* immediately over one's head.

Now I submit that “there are chords in the human breast,” there are feelings so deep, so sacred that they cannot, they shall not be outraged with impunity.

Hoping that this allusion to "Coffee and Pistols" may be accepted in its full significance by the occupants of No. 10 — College,

I am, Resolutely yours,

"P. D."

P. S.—I request the publication of this "*intimation*," if necessary, as an advertisement; for by *by all that is calculated to bore the life out of a man* I can endure this nuisance no longer.

An Orator of McKendree College proposes to grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies on the bosom of our Western Prairies.

Tiger! Boom!! Ah!!!

A forensic Junior, the other day, speaking of a certain man of Science, and trying to prove his claims to appreciation, concluded by declaring that he was "celebrated throughout New Jersey as well as throughout the country."

One of our Professors, who, by the way, is very original and intense in his diction generally, lecturing not long ago to the Sophs, defined a *hedge* as a *live fence*.

One of the Sophs, in his Natural History examination paper, last session, made the distinction between *Oviparous* and *Vicparous* animals, that "one class breathed through the mammary gland and the other didn't."

A late poet for the *Cap and Gown* dreams about "Diana, the fair one" and "miniature Eddies." . . . He was sitting by a brook.

An old lady from the South said, she "never could imagine where all the *Smiths* came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign, *Smith Manufacturing Company*."

The *Madisonensis* has a three-column article on "Demosthenes and Cicero."

"Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute.
Bring flowers, the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier."

— *Union Review*.

They have a Senior at Miami who thought that Pindar was a Scotchman! He must have been a *Bæotian*.

The *Harvard Advocate* says there will be "four Harvard graduates in the next Massachusetts Senate. *Ergo*, &c." . . . Does the "*Ergo* &c." mean here that these four men laid the foundation of their subsequent greatness in the Editorial Chair of the *Advocate*?

The *College Journal* gives the following as new: "A youngster who commits pungent puns with impunity should be punished." . . . The *Journal* is only three years old.

The *University Reporter* (Iowa City) says that every one was glad to return to studying again after vacation, and "bright faces were to be seen in the recitation room." . . . Did *all* of them have a dull vacation?

The worst pun we ever heard was perpetrated the other day by a Brooklyn minister, who wondered when *Aleck* would come over;—*Alex-is* was here. The Duke ought to go over and bring his sister.

The *Dartmouth* has an interesting chapter on *Fools*. One of the special fools mentioned had a head "about the size of Webster's." Of course he was a *big fool*, if he was a fool at all. The writer concludes with stating (by implication) that fools have increased from the days of Diogenes to those of Richard Grant White. . . . Then there was only a *tub* full; now there is a *Gal-axy* of them.

The *College World* (Iowa) has a department called "*The Tub*." . . . Perhaps that accounts for the milk-and-water style of its literature, and also the fact that its advertisements appear on the *outside*,—as they are paid for and should not be spoiled.

Since the announcement in reference to the size of the Fresh classes at Princeton and Harvard, prayers for "other educational institutions" have been less fervent in chapel. We felt sure it was going too far.—*Courant*.

Psychology Examination at Yale:

Q. How do you prove Self-Consciousness?

A. A man can't know without knowing that he knows; if he knows he knows, he knows himself in the act of knowing that he knows.—and knowing that he knows he knows, he knows he is conscious of Self-Consciousness. (Supplementary.) Wagged the *nose* off him that time. Feel better.

[The same man that "got off" the above, in another examination gave "bosh" as the Latin for *step-uncle*,—the effect of an expression of disgust from the Prof. This reminds us of some of our Princeton Biblical recitations.]

"We have at all times a sense of the living body as *extended*. This is a sense which all beings, infant and mature, carry with them every instant of their waking existence, perhaps in a *low state* even in times of sleep."—*Intuitions*.

Query. In what sense is the sense of the body *extended* in a *low state* carried in times of sleep?

Art Gallery. Two young men standing before a "Woodland Scene."

Brook—bridge—two young people in the foreground. . . . One of the young men *loquitur*: "See, Arthur, there is the 'Bridge of Sighs' that some man wrote about. Don't you remember:

'Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.'

The following is a rare example of vivid and picturesque imagery :

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote
Upon the sand—
“ Agnes, I love thee.”
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.
Frail reed! cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more:
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore,
Her tallest pine; and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write—
“ Agnes! I love thee.”
And I would like to see—
Any plagued wave wash that out.

PRINCETON PERSONALS.

'26. Hon. William B. Napton for many years judge of Supreme court of Mo., delivered the Address before the Literary Societies of University of Virginia at last Commencement.

'30. “ The Trustees of Princeton College have offered their chair of English Literature and Rhetoric to Professor John S. Hart, so long and so favorably conspicuous in the cause of education, as the successful Principal of the Philadelphia High School and the State Normal School of New Jersey: Like a good son of his Alma Mater, Mr. Hart has obeyed her call.”—*New York World*.

'39. Hon. Joel Parker was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey on Tuesday, Jan'y 16th.

'39. Hon. James K. Kelly is the newly-elected United States Senator from Oregon.

'42. Hon. George H. Boker has recently been appointed United States Minister to Turkey.

'51. Judge Daniel G. Fowle of Raleigh, is one of the leading members of the North Carolina Bar.

'55. Joseph Hodgson is Superintendent of Education for the State of Alabama, and *ex-officio* Regent of the University.

'57. Lyell T. Adams is United States Consul at Malta.

'66. J. K. Cowen has been appointed Attorney for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and resides at present in Baltimore.

'66. M. Winfield is practising Law in Logansport, Indiana.

We clip from '70's Record the following :

Elmer, By Gosh ! is now and has been residing at Bridgeton, N. J.; the General often imagines himself leading the *forces* around the triangle, and is often lulled to sleep with the entrancing memories of "Ten Bells."

Glenn "Tore the boards off the the Court House" in his first case. Is a terror to the Ku Klnx of Yadkin County.

Imbrie is enrolled among the cotton brokers of New York : buys and SELLS (principally the latter) at 119 Pearl st.

A. H. Joline is studying law with Brown, Hall & Vanderpool, 291 Broadway, New York. Is applying for position as son-in-law in some rich family—prospects good.

Pierce is now reading, *reading*, READING law at Concord, N. H.

Sessions, is studying law with Chief Justice Lewis, Carson City, Nevada : has travelled all over the West, occasionally tips the glass to the soul-inspiring toast "Here's to old '70."

Spencer the *wicked man*, has scaled the glaciers of Switzerland, swallowed Lager Beer in Germany, danced the *can-can* in Paris, and drank '70's good health in "arf and arf" in London.

EXCHANGES.

We pull our Exchange Basket toward us with the determination of going to the bottom. What do we take hold of first ?

Something that looks venerable, but is not—the *Yale Lit.* It has lived for thirty-five years—old for a College *Lit.*—but we feel like quoting the words of Pitt to Walpole. It very appropriately opens with a sort of hortatory article on *College Writing*. There is an article on the *Musical Spirits* which, after reading, we conclude to be very correctly subscribed "G. A. S." The author of *The Forensic Art* sighs over the poverty of modern times in orators (consoling himself, perhaps,) swears that Demosthenes is dead, that his ghost is disgusted with Tellurian scenes; and concludes that *he* would rather be an Editor anyhow. The poetry of the *Yale Lit.* is its true differentia. We advise the translator of the little piece from the Hungarian to let Hungarian alone hereafter, unless the range of its poetical literature can afford him the opportunity of showing a higher eclectic genius than he does in the present instance. There is another little piece called "A Bath," which very much moves us to believe that its writer must have tied his Pegasus (if he has one) to the stern of some old condemned Chinese Junk, and have been driven by some malodorous wind to the Bay of Joppa,—where he took his *Bath* and wrote his verses, and "where," says the author of *Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land*, "we do not wonder that the whale restored Jonah to the world again."

We trust the *Yale Lit.* is not too old to learn, for it can well do so from the next one we take up,—*The Union Literary Magazine*, from Canton, Mo.

If the proprietors of the Canton *Press* Job Office would only get some new ink, or borrow some from the fair Editresses—they use good ink—it would be a model of a little *Lit. Magazine*. Most of its articles show minds of much refinement in their authors. The girls write as though they are not afraid of themselves and we don't believe they are.

The authoress of *The Crown is yet Before* says she is "learning the Psalm of Life." We doubt not that she will soon have learned it in the most life-like of rhythms, and be singing it, too, but not as a *solo*. There is an exquisite little poem—"Cease Repining"—whose only fault is that it is, perhaps, a little too autumnal in strain.

The last *Brunonian* is exceedingly readable. The criticism upon Joaquin Miller is as justly appreciative as any other we have seen. There is a sweet little poem called "The Wondrous Birth-right." We like to see the Brunonians talk a good deal about home matters—wherein it is certainly "trenching on the sphere of the Profs."

Next comes the *Dartmouth*, which, we believe, after all is almost an ideal of a college magazine. A little impudence, a little seriousness, and a little miscellaneousness! We indorse the views of the writer of "The Emancipation of Women," and commend his beginning and ending.

The last *Acorn* contains the following:

"Horace Greeley's lecture at the Opera House, the other evening, was strongly flavored with the odor of Onions, and enlivened with the strains of music, which arose from a chowder party in the basement." We regard this, on the whole, as the worst specimen of grammatical construction that ever met our gaze. If the writer's genius were not too soaring to be shackled by the laws of syntax, we should be forced to the horrifying inference that the "odor of Onions" "arose" from the breath of our Great *Bucolic Philosopher*, and that the strains of music proceeded from the pea-nut boys in the Pit.

Now, though we are living in an age of peace,—of national, domestic, social and journalistic peace,—though we are loathe to interrupt this era of tranquillity, yet we could not rest this night without openly declaring war against such shocking murders of the Queen's English.

We read the

Harvard Advocate

always with pleasure: its articles are short and sprightly, and are written in an easy nonchalant style, which gives them a peculiar relish: It very properly confines its pages in great measure to the discussion of domestic affairs.

While the *Advocate* is an able paper, and represents an able institution, it is entirely free from that braggardism, which the "*Oldest College periodical in America*," delights to thrust into the faces of its Exchanges.

We would respectfully ask why the

Virginia University Magazine

fails to visit us? We trust that the Editors of that able periodical have not taken offence at our criticism touching a late article on the subject of "*Soap Suds*," "*Hot breath of Sycorax*," &c.

It is a curious but positive fact that the propounder of the above question, last night "dreamed a dream" in which he saw a picture-frame of gigantic proportions standing at his entry door; this enormous frame had once contained the family picture described in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—which as we remember was so large that they were obliged to leave it leaning against the side of the house—but instead of the serene old Vicar and his happy household, the frame now contained a huge volume, on every side of which was written in burning letters:

VIRGINIA
UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE.

The only moral which we could attach to this mysterious phenomenon, was the apprehension perhaps that the *Virginia University Magazine* has grown so large that it can no longer get into our sanctum.

The *Iowa Classic*, opens with a formidable article on "*The Relation of Christianity to Art*." It seems to be the object of this essay to prove by a process of exemplification the *infinite divisibility of matter*; for the whole of this article consists in a long analysis, whittled down to the finest imaginable point.

In our judgment the title of this paper would be changed with propriety from the "*Classic*" to the "*Scientific*" for it abounds in such ravishing morsels as the following:

—Classification of fruits.

1. Dry Indehiscent Fruits.

2. Dry Dehiscent Fruits.

3. Succulent Indehiscent Fruits.

4. Succulent Dehiscent Fruits.

In the language of our esteemed friend from Wisconsin, "this is the worst I ever SEE."

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *Record* of '70. Kind regards to the Historian, *Frank H. Pierce*.

The perusal of the

College Argus

has pleased us much; for its general character strengthens our pet theory in regard to College periodicals, which is, that their articles should be of a more practical, *living* character, treated in a more manly, *non-College* style, thus

increasing their interest to all. There should be less of dead Rome and Greece, and more of living London and New York : less puerile collegeisms, and more natural common sense. The article on "College A Place For Ladies" is as interesting to a Princetonian as to a Middletonian (?) hence the pleasure the general reader finds in its perusal. We are as much surprised to find "Scott" decriing the "Marking System," as Dick Swiveller would have been if the Marchioness, during their playing at cards, had slapped his jaws. But as Dick's surprise would have been superseded by generous admiration for her pluck and spirit, so do we congratulate "Scotty" upon having burst the bonds which fettered him, and commend the able manner in which, in his "1stly, 2dly, 3dly, 4thly, 5thly, and lastly," he has shown the injustice and partiality of the "System." And with him, we will rejoice at the approach of the "halcyon days" when students will cease to make *grade* their "present idol and future God."

The *Miami Student* has a contributor who has certainly created (in his own mind at least) "the crisis" of modern times. This attempt at the *dreadful*, reminds us of the effort made in nearly all fourth rate theatres to imitate the crashing of thunder, rushing tempest, &c., by throwing upon a stone floor a mixture of broken crockery and glass bottles, which truly produces a *crash*, but bears little semblance to the sound of thunder. This poem is a promiscuous mixture of exclamation and interrogation points, hyphens, quotation marks, &c., which present a *critical* appearance indeed. Political, social and religious *crises* have happened, and will occur in the future, and any amount of human wisdom or foresight cannot prevent their recurrence ; but such a literary *crisis* as this has never before come under our notice, and if the editors of the *Student* regard their reputation, they will not be the means of again presenting such an one to the literary world. We will quote a couplet—"Drink, till the waked fiends of the heart rejoice in foul *guffaws* o'er manhood, plundered, slain." This is enough to convince us that the author is not a "born poet," and it is very evident that he cannot "draw out" of himself poetical strains. We would not discourage this young genius, but, with candor and sincerity, we would not advise him to write another poem ; when a "dry spell" arrives, burn the manuscript ; he will burn up his neighbor's house, and thus, and thus alone, will he be able to create a "crisis."

The Lafayette Monthly.

The *Lafayette Monthly* opens with a condensed History of Scandinavian Mythology, followed by certain minor articles, "Circuit of the Heavens," "Logic of the International," "Melpomene's Answer," "Alfred Tennyson," &c.

The latter purports to be a narrative of the English poet's life, and certainly is a relation of the particulars of his important career, as recorded in

any standard Encyclopædia of to-day. A theme so trite and narrow can possess no pristine thought, and must therefore make no pretensions at originality. While we acknowledge character to be a volume of citations, showing the formation and growth of that essential part of man's nature, yet in a College periodical, we look for articles to have a wider and more extended range, to contain more than a mere compilation of references and dates, to bear more the impress of genuineness and true native thought than does the one under notice. What care a reading public for the birth without an idea of the deep unchanging affection of the "In Memoriam?" What cares it for the date of "Enoch Arden's" writing, without further conception of this "beautiful chronicle of a lost life?" It will not receive the shadow when it knows the golden substance is retained—will not find pleasure in the skeleton of so important a poetical career stripped of its priceless clothing and adornments. The article is neither original, clever, nor particularly interesting, but seems insipid and pointless, and must be classed with such literary gems as the "Receptacle of Rubbish" and the "Treasury of Trash."

LIST OF EXCHANGES.

Acorn, American Educational Monthly, Amherst Student, Annalist, Brunonian, Cap and Gown, Chronicle, College Argus, College Courant, College Courier, College Express, College Herald, College Journal, College Mercury, College Review, College Times, College World, Cornell Era, Dalhousie Gazette, Dartmouth, Dennison Collegian, Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Iowa Classic, Irving Union, Lafayette Monthly, Literary Monthly, Madisonensis, Miami Student, Orient, Standard, Targum, Trinity Tablet, Union Literary Magazine, University Echo, University Press, University Review, Volante, Williams Review, Williams Vidette, Yale Lit., Yale Courant.